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The Week

BEFORE American public opinion allows the inevitable oblivion to overtake the attempt to make Charles W. Warren Attorney-General of the United States, it should not neglect to remark one deplorable aspect of the incident. The larger and more responsible newspapers, some of them nominally independent, played for the most part the same ignoble rôle that they did during the Fall and Daugherty episodes. They scolded the Senate for acting as a check upon an erring executive in spite of the fact that the Senate was exercising in a not unreasonable manner a useful and strictly constitutional function. In discussing the merits of the controversy they usually confined themselves to repeating the dictum that the President ought to be allowed to appoint his own personal advisers, and they practically ignored the disqualifications for this particular office which Mr. Warren's opponent had drawn from unimpeachable court records. The New York Times, for instance, which was once an independent newspaper, will not criticize Coolidge for appointing to the office of Attorney-General a man with Mr. Warren's handicaps, but it criticizes him most severely for not fighting to the bitter end in favor of his at least doubtful nominee. When the President yielded to the resistance of the Senate the Times sternly informed him that he had "sorely disappointed his best friends." But his best friends were not at all disappointed when he selected for the chief of his law-enforcing staff a man who throughout his business and professional life had been engaged chiefly in trying to evade and nullify one of the most important laws which as Attorney-General it would be his sworn duty to execute.

EVIDENCE which was developed by the anti-trust suit which Mr. Wickersham brought against the Sugar Trust in 1910 was certainly sufficient to excuse a senator for voting against Warren's confirmation. It proved that Warren assisted in founding alleged independent beet sugar factories in Michigan, that he entered into a secret conspiracy to secure control of the independent factories for the Sugar Trust, that he permitted the controlling interest in these nominal independents, which were actually owned by the Sugar Trust, to stand in his name and concealed over a long period of years the nature of the actual ownership, that he fixed prices for sugar in obedience to the suggestion of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer and that he divided territory and eliminated competition in the purchase of beets so as to force farmers to accept the sugar company's price. The consequence was that in 1922 the federal district court with the consent of the defendants found the Michigan Sugar Company, of which Warren was President, equally guilty with the Sugar Trust in a conspiracy to restrain trade and increase the price of sugar to the consumers. Now there is room for a large difference of opinion about the culpability of a record of this kind. Let us give Mr. Warren the benefit of every doubt and allege merely that he considered the policy of the Sherman law unwise and its provisions ambiguous. He has done nothing, let us say, which would excuse a punctilious senator from refusing to confirm his nomination for Secretary of State. But surely there is one office for which, as it is not unreasonable to believe, he has disqualified himself, and that is the office of Attorney-General. No matter how wise it may be to overlook offenses against existing laws, there is obviously a good deal to be said against subsequently asking the offenders to execute in good faith the laws which they violated.

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THE fact is that the attitude of papers like the Times, which speaks for American business and wishes it to have anything it wants, is determined in advance by inflexible sympathies and antipathies. If they had themselves dug up and disclosed the reasonable objections to the Warren nomination and warned the President of its inadvisability, they would have done him a service by preventing him from inviting a humiliating defeat. But instead they turned over the job of searching the record to their opponents. The credit for exposing Warren's disqualifications belongs to the People's Legislative Service, a La Follette organization; and after Warren had been attacked by the La Follette group and Senator Walsh, there was nothing for the spokesmen of business to do but to take the other side. Fortunately, however, there were some western Republicans, headed by Senator Borah, who were not afraid to prevent their own party from making mistakes. They defeated the confirmation of Mr. Warren even at the expense of inflicting on President Coolidge at the outset of his new term a grievous humiliation, but by their action they served American business interests much more intelligently than President Coolidge and his newspaper supporters. That part of the American people who believe in the principles of the Anti-Trust Law would have had no confidence in the conduct of a Department of Justice under the administration of Mr. Warren. When the ostensibly independent public advisers of a President encourage him in committing mistakes, chiefly because the defeat of the mistake would "disappoint his best friends" and justify his enemies in "grinning with delight" there is some excuse for warning the President to beware of his friends and seek the truth from his foes.

SOLOMON is at last refuted. There is something new under the sun. Lumbermen are coming out for forest conservation. The National Wholesale Lumber Association has recently passed a resolution urging Congress to purchase 8,000,000 acres of forest land, to eliminate the danger of complete national deforestation. The President of the Association urges that the anti-trust laws should be relaxed to permit the lumber manufacturers to agree upon a limitation of output "at least to the extent that no more lumber is made annually than will serve the needs of our people." The words "at least" look like a give-away. But we need not press the point. We may assume that the lumbermen, like other good citizens, would like to see the destruction of our natural resources curbed, and oppose wasteful overproduction for public as well as private reasons. It must, however, be clear to them that the American people would be loath to grant them the right to restrict output and thus raise prices at their own sweet will. If they care to come forward with a program including not only restriction of output, but scientific forestry and price regulation as well, they may expect to marshall a body of intelligent public opinion in their support. So long as their proposals stop with regulation of output their motives will be under suspicion.

ENEMIES of trade-unionism are the only beneficiaries of the recent plasterers' strike against the employment of bricklayers in jobs which the plasterers think belong to them. The danger of strikes over jurisdictional disputes is one of the stock arguments of the open-shopper, and is used ad nauseam in anti-labor propaganda. This is so, not because jurisdictional disputes are a general accompaniment of trade-unionism—they are not; nor even because strikes about them are of frequent occurrence—they have become rare. It is because such strikes are wholly indefensible that they offer so shining a mark. No question of wages, hours, recognition, or improvement of status of labor is concerned. The quarrel is between one union and another as to which shall furnish the men for a given job. If a strike occurs over such a dispute, the employer, in this instance a wholly innocent party, and the public, which is not in the least concerned, are made to suffer. There may be some excuse for the action when unemployment is prevalent, but that is not now the case in the building industry. The building unions themselves have recognized the necessity of settling these questions peacefully by participating in the National Board of Jurisdictional Awards—a body which has had a considerable success. The plasterers' strike is an outrageous anachronism which labor and the friends of labor should be the first to condemn and to outlaw.

LORD CURZON might have been a great man, said a judicious English liberal, if he could sometimes have forgotten Lord Curzon. He was remarkably able, informed, and experienced; he toiled with extraordinary concentration, in defiance of a lifelong physical infirmity; he had a gift of expression hardly surpassed among the English public men of his time; he cherished the high sense of duty that was the best thing in the old Toryism; he governed India for seven years, was a member of the despotic junta which ruled Britain at the close of the War, and was Foreign Minister in the crucial years of the epoch. Nevertheless, the mark of Curzon's career (forty years of continuous and often spectacular activity) was failure. He was strikingly, pathetically unsuccessful in the event from the day in 1898 when he abandoned the House of Commons for the Viceroyalty of India to the day in 1923 when the Conservative party declined to accept him as leader and gave the premiership to Stanley Baldwin, a man whom Curzon could not have looked upon as anything but a schoolboy.

AS Viceroy of India Curzon devoted inexhaustible energy to the perfecting of an administrative machine that was already outworn. His policy and

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temper stimulated Indian nationalism, and thus prepared the land for Ghandi. His most considerable executive act (the division of the Bengal provinces) was impressively revoked by George V at Delhi and the India of his administrative mechanism was swept away by the Montagu constitution of 1919. As Foreign Secretary Curzon simply did not count. He was obliterated by Lloyd George from the opening of the Peace Conference until the closing of Genoa. When Lloyd George was removed, Curzon was beaten and humiliated by Poincaré. At Lausanne he was punctured by Ismet and completely worsted by Mustapha Kemal. East and West alike, the ruin of his diplomacy had to be redeemed by Ramsay McDonald.

The American press has almost universally assumed that Curzon would have been Prime Minister two years ago if he had not been a peer, and therefore barred from the House of Commons. The assumption is inaccurate. He would have been Prime Minister if the Conservative leader had been willing to serve under him and the party to follow him. He was not a die hard. He surrendered habitually—as over the attack on the Lords, woman suffrage, the Irish settlement. In relation to the privileges of his order he knew that the world had decisively changed; but he had no understanding of the forces that were remaking the world. Between the knowledge he had acquired, with an admirable diligence and an unceasing intellectual enjoyment, and the wisdom of the statesman who can achieve results, there was for Lord Curzon no means of organic connection.

A TORNADO is an "act of God." The horror such a thing everywhere inspires is due not to the number of the casualties nor to the cause of death of each taken separately, but to the appalling suddenness, completeness and sheer unpredictable inevitability of the disaster. The total number of deaths is insignificant compared with the steady and expected morbidity rate of automobile accidents. After the recent War it appears even trifling, as a mere fact of death. People are killed by accidents due to high winds every day. Fires quite usually follow the collapse of wooden buildings. Even blood poisoning by gas gangrene which is now claiming its victims by the hundred in the tornado's wake is far from unfamiliar. But the spectacle, such as met the eyes of a little group of miners returning from the security of their mine to the surface of the devastated region, is one for which no human being is ever prepared. Awful tornados occur—but in the Caribbean. Frightful earthquakes occur—but in the Orient. Few consciences recoil from the implications of the old charm through which one obtains one's wish by willing the death of a Mandarin. The horror of distant tragedy is as unreal as the beauty of the castles in Spain. But when a farming village in the wheat fields of Illinois is razed our minds are staggered.

THE unequivocal eagerness with which everyone from the nearby doctor to the President of the nation drops his work and rushes to the relief of the survivors is human gregariousness at its best. Faced by real and immediate disaster men can stand together and work together. Parochial divisions are wiped out, special interests forgotten. Limitations of energy and means are surmounted. Under the influence of great excitement feats of strength and endurance are performed by quite ordinary men, acts of heroism by the timid and the irresolute. Miracles of industry and forbearance are achieved of which human nature in its usual frame of mind seems quite incapable. As a matter of fact, of course, these are miracles. Such largemindedness can be attained only under the spell of a tremendous emotion. By doing and even by giving we find release from the taut horror of the initial shock. The whole tragedy is a dramatic catharsis.

BUT for this fact of human nature, indeed, our ordinary behavior would appear brutally callous. The common attitude of lazy indifference does not appear in the prologue to the tornado. As an act of God that had no prologue. But almost at the same time there occurred in Barrackville, West Virginia, an explosion and fire in a coal mine which must certainly be admitted as the last act of a long drama of common indifference and neglect. We are duly shocked at the death by burning of thirty-seven miners. The suggestion that the accident may have occurred through an act of deliberate sabotage arouses all our indignation. Yet we feel little responsibility for the labor policies of this non-union mine, and no responsibility at all for its management of the technique of mining. Such accidents, we are told, are almost completely eliminated by the use of rock dust. In England and in Utah, dusting is compulsory. It has been installed voluntarily by a number of mining companies; the list is published in the March issue of the American Labor Legislation Review. The name of the company in whose mine this explosion occurred does not appear. In the ten major explosions of 1924, 459 miners lost their lives, in the past ten years, more than 25,000. But the foresight and preventive steps that would eliminate these casualties do not come as the spontaneous expression of humane emotion. Coal mining remains simply a dangerous occupation.

"THE teachers' salary schedule, in the long run, more than any other one factor determines the quality of the people attracted to the teaching profession." This, says the National Education Association in an excellent statistical study of public school salaries, is the first reason for paying adequate salaries. The salary schedule also determines "the quality of preparation of teachers," and their disposition to remain in the profession. During the years that have followed the War we have heard a great deal of raising the teacher's pay, and many

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people must certainly have received the impression that all that needed to be done in that direction has been done long since. They will read with something of a shock, therefore, that the average salary of all teachers in the large cities is now just 97.8 percent of what it was in 1913, judged by what it will purchase. The average "real wages" of all teachers in the country have increased 40 percent in this period. But from what to what? From $515 to $721. As the secretary of the Association remarks in his foreword, since more than half of all the teachers teach in schools in the open country and the country villages, it is a matter of national concern that the median salary for one-teacher rural schools is only $755. For more than half the children of America free public education means exposure to a seven-hundred-dollar "school marm."

THE discrepancy between the salaries paid to teachers and those assigned to executive officers and administrative officials is so wide as to challenge discussion if not modification. Where high school teachers receive $2,500, principals get $4,700 and superintendents $8,000. Where teachers get $1,300, principals receive $2,100, and superintendents $4,500. That is, principals are paid nearly twice as much as teachers, and superintendents nearly twice as much as principals. If these figures are judged by ordinary business practice they are quite proper. Subordinates are paid what they can be got for, while executive heads come high. But this standard is peculiarly inappropriate to the public school, where the goods are finally delivered only by the teacher. The whole business of even the highest paid superintendent should be to provide the best possible teachers. This can hardly be done in the spirit in which a banker engages a stenographer. The present discrepancy between executive and teaching wages in the schools not only advertises to teachers their easy dispensability, as individuals. It holds out just one channel of advancement: to get out of teaching into superintendence. Whether that ambition makes good teachers must be obvious upon the face of things.

GOVERNOR SMITH of New York has been much more successful in fighting a legislature controlled by his opponents than has President Coolidge. Rarely in the annals of partisan warfare has a partisan chief so completely out-generalled and out-fought his adversaries as has Governor Smith out-generalled and out-fought the New York Republicans. He is a brilliant political strategist, but he is something more than that. Unlike President Coolidge he does not embark on a fight until he is reasonably sure that he is more nearly right than his opponents. Then, if his judgment is good, and his cause is on the whole creditable, he can fight to the end and even suffer defeat without losing prestige. The Republican legislature has for the most part blocked Governor Smith's plans for administrative reorganization, but he has put through his proposal for tax reduction in the face of frantic Republican opposition; and if there were any justice in politics the people of the state of New York would present him next fall so far as possible with a legislature which would carry out his program of state reconstruction. It is a great pity that he is not exercising his gift for political generalship on behalf of good causes in a larger arena. If he were conducting his campaigns from the White House he would rescue national politics from the dreary stagnation in which it has been plunged during the leadership of the last two Republican presidents.

APPARENTLY the break of the speculative boom on the stock exchange has come, and for this fact all except the fleeced lambs should be sincerely grateful. It is ordinarily supposed that the stock market discounts the business future, and that a boom in stocks presages an equivalent boom in business activity and a rise in prices. Republican success at the polls, combined with upward tendencies of production, employment, trade and agricultural prices, led many to suppose last fall that the country was on the brink of a great upward surge. This attitude was encouraged by the predictions of political and financial "bulls," while speculation was facilitated by low interest rates and easy bank credit. As we pointed out at the time, the possibilities for genuine improvement in the production and consumption of physical commodities were limited. The terrific pace of the stock market greatly overestimated fundamental improvement of this sort, and the danger was that it would be duplicated in trade by speculative overproduction of commodities and inflation of prices. Such an artificial boom must be followed by depression and unemployment. This danger has to a large extent been avoided on account of the increasing knowledge and shrewdness of industrial executives and the warning raise of the rediscount rate by the New York Federal Reserve Bank. The slump in stocks merely registers a recognition of this fact by even the less wary of the speculators.

Our Evolving Executive

THERE are wide differences of opinion on the recent exploit of the Senate in defeating the President on his first choice for Attorney-General. Are not the members of the Cabinet the President's "official family," agents through whom he exercises the powers vested in him by the Constitution? Does not the unbroken tradition of sixty years sanctify the reasonable view that the President should have a free hand in the selection of these agents? The Senate, to be sure, having the constitutional right to confirm, has the right to reject. The Constitution itself does not set bounds to this right; under its letter the Senate may reject for any reason or no

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reason at all. But a broad interpretation of the functions of the President establishes—so it is argued—that the Senate can properly reject only on grounds of personal unfitness. Mr. Warren, as a business man whose interests placed him on the wrong side of the anti-trust laws, might have been presumed to be biassed against those laws, but no more than Mr. Mellon as a multi-millionaire might have been presumed to be biassed against the taxes on wealth. The conclusion seems clear. The Senate, running true to form, set out to give an exhibition of its power to interfere in the orderly processes of government.

There would be force in this argument if the President held in fact precisely the position the framers of the Constitution designed for him. He was expected to stand above party and faction. He was expected primarily to execute faithfully the laws enacted by Congress. It is true he could exercise an independent legislative power through the veto, but this power seems to have been bestowed on him not for personal or party uses, but for the protection of the Constitution against invasion by the legislative branch. As the agent for the execution of the laws, the President was expected to report from time to time on their working, recommending such changes as experience dictated. There can be no question, however, that the initiative in general law making was expected to rest with Congress.

The Presidency as we know it today is a very different institution. The President is the recognized leader of his party. He exercises a degree of discretion in the execution of the laws that would have seemed shocking to the founders of the Constitution. He employs his veto power freely, to enforce his own opinion of the desirability of measures enacted by Congress. He assumes an ambitious initiative in legislation. It is taken for granted, nowadays, that the presidential election is the only great occasion for an appeal from the government to the people, and that the people's will as to the policy of the next four years is established by the outcome of the election. In his recent message President Coolidge propounds an official interpretation of the results of the last election. It is a forecast of the legislative policy he considers it his duty to enforce through his leadership of the party.

The Presidency has undergone a remarkable evolution since the foundation of our government. It is still evolving. This process cannot go on without affecting the position of the coördinate branches of government. And when a struggle emerges between the President and Congress, as in the recent conflict over the confirmation of Mr. Warren, it is not enough to review the precedents, as if our government were actually immutable. The case must be judged after due consideration of its bearing on the evolution of the Executive in relation to the coördinate organs of government.

It will be agreed by most students of American government that it would be neither practicable nor desirable to thrust the Presidency back into its original position in theory of party neutrality and legislative aloofness. Government today is an immensely more complicated business than it was in 1787. Leadership and organization are essential if we are to have efficient government, and in the nature of the case the position of leader falls to the President, the single official upon whom the whole nation has a chance to vote.

But it does not follow that the President along with advisers of his own free selection is in a position to work out a scheme of policy and impose it upon Congress through an appeal to party regularity. Because of the immense variety in the conditions of American life, homogeneous nation-wide parties have represented for the most part combinations to control power and the spoils of office rather than on the basis of identity of doctrine. The Republicanism of New England and the Middle Atlantic states is not the same as the Republicanism of the Middle West or of the Pacific Coast. The Southern Democracy is not the same as that of New York and New Jersey. The President's policies will not appeal equally to all the sections and factions that elected him. The President may stand nearer to the people as a whole but the Senate and the House reflect more faithfully the actual constitution of the public opinion of the nation.

On rare occasions a strong President with a tremendous popular following may be able to ride roughshod over the discordant factions in the two Houses and put measures through by brandishing the party whip. But no method which can be worked only by a strong man will answer the requirements of efficient government. A plan of give and take between the President and the important factions of his party in Congress is the only one that will work in the long run. Appeals to party regularity may prove useful after the preliminary work of organizing party policies on a broad basis of coöperation and consent has been done. They will never signify much when they rest on nothing more substantial than vague inferences as to the popular will drawn from the results of the presidential election.

The Presidency has evolved into an organ of important functions in the initiation of legislation and we may safely assume that this process of evolution is nowhere near its limit. The chief executive offices under the President have also undergone a process of evolution, parallel with that of the Presidency. The Secretary of State is no longer a mere adviser of the President on foreign affairs. He exercises a more or less independent influence upon all our foreign relations. The Secretary of the Treasury is the spearhead of revenue legislation. The "Mellon bill" and the place it achieved in public opinion suggest that the Secretary of the Treasury holds in fact a position analogous to that of the Minister of Finance under the parliamentary form of government. The Secretary of the Interior will have to stand sponsor for a rapidly expanding body of legis-

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lation as we come to recognize better the importance of conservation and proceed to carry forward the work of reclamation. The Secretaries of Commerce, Agriculture and Labor are obviously destined for a large rôle in industrial legislation.

In short, more and more of the time and energy of Congress will be absorbed in the consideration of measures originating in the executive departments, measures of a developmental, supplementary or corrective character. We may cling to the fiction that the executive initiative for such legislation is vested in the President, but the fact will become increasingly obvious that this initiative originates at least in part in the departments themselves. The heads of the executive departments will have to work more and more with the committees of the Houses in shaping legislation. It follows, then, that they should be men acceptable to Congress and able to work with it.

It is, to be sure, a far cry from the Warren affair to a condition in which both the Senate and the House shall have a say in determining the composition of the Cabinet. The Senate was dimly, if at all, conscious that it was moving toward a new relation with the Executive. In substance it accomplished exactly nothing, or less, in compelling the President to substitute for an acknowledged supporter of the trusts a man "who looks like a trust-buster but is not." The President is allowed still to maintain the principle that his "official family" is his private affair—within decent limits.

But as everyone knows, the steps leading to changes in the unwritten constitution are seldom clearly planned on in advance. It is in the fight over prerogative that the process of give and take, necessary to effective organization, finds its inception. When the Senate insists vigorously on its right to initiate revenue legislation, the danger of a deadlock will focus attention upon the need of a working arrangement by which the Executive, the Senate and the House each agrees to surrender some part of its traditional powers in return for a more significant share in an organized machine of government.

Such an arrangement, some may fear, would in the end destroy the independent executive. If the heads of the executive departments must be acceptable to the legislative branch of the government, will they not have to be chosen finally from the party which dominates both Houses, or the more powerful one, whether of the President's party or not? Then will not the President become a mere figurehead? He might if historical processes worked out in the manner of pure logic.

We have a powerful tradition of the independent executive. The manner of election of the President insures him against complete subordination to Congress. The diversity of sectional and class interests is for the present too great to permit of the organization of parties sufficiently unified and persistent to wrest an excessive share of the executive power from the President's hands. But the President holds at present more power than he can wield effectively. He could afford to surrender some part of it, by giving his party in Congress a voice in the selection of the executive heads who share in legislative initiative. In the long run some such surrender will have to be made if the party is to remain an efficient agency in American government.

An Interstate Compact Fails

THE tangle over the Boulder dam project in the Colorado river, described by Mr. Duffus in this issue of the New Republic, presents a very pretty puzzle for any who maintain that compacts among the states are a sufficient substitute for federal legislation in interstate matters.

What is to be done with the waters of the Colorado river concerns directly seven states. Their legal right to determine the question is rather shadowy, yet the willingness of the federal government to participate in a treaty with them has waived the legal dispute and given them a practical right in the matter. After long negotiations six have agreed on a plan, while Arizona balks, and promises to do so indefinitely.

To the argument that no action should be taken until all the states agree, it must be answered that, in addition to the danger of flood mentioned by Mr. Duffus, the situation of the Imperial Valley—the largest irrigated region in the United States—is acute. Last year it needed all the water now available at the low water season, but could use only half of it on account of the agreement to let Mexico have the other half. More of such drought will ruin most of the farmers in the valley and damage a valuable source of agricultural supply. This illustrates the flaw inherent in state compacts that the achievement of the unanimous agreement necessary to action is likely to cause irreparable delay.

A second objection is the fact that in such negotiations particularistic interests receive the most attention and compromises among them may not result in the best plan for the general good. Even if the Boulder dam project were ratified in its present form by Arizona, it would probably not be the best solution of the problem. The upper states are not particularly concerned in the conflict between the Los Angeles demand for power and the Arizona demand for irrigation. As long as they are permitted a share of the water which they deem fair, they do not take much interest in the dispute over the lower part of the river.

In the upper half of the Colorado part of the water used for irrigation seeps back and is available for power lower down. In this half, moreover, the conflict between power use and irrigation use is not so acute, for another reason. Water can be used for irrigation after it is used for power, but it cannot as a rule be used for power after it is used for irriga-

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tion. The demand for power is nearly uniform throughout the year, and there is no practical way to store it. Therefore power generation requires a constant flow of water. The demand for irrigation varies with the seasons. You can build a power dam and let the water out below for irrigation purposes, but you cannot build an irrigation storage dam and let the water out for power between growing seasons, without decreasing your irrigation capacity. In the northern half of the river the flood season coincides largely with the growing season. Therefore not much storage is necessary, and the normal flow of the river can be used for the steady power load, while the seasonal surplus is sluiced off to the farms. In the southern half of the river the flood and growing seasons do not coincide. Here more careful adjustment must be made between the two uses. The northern states, not being faced with the conflict, are either indifferent to its resolution below, or are swayed by possibilities of agricultural or industrial competition. There is no good reason why it should depend on their several judgments.

What irrigation projects, what power projects, are really worth developing on the Colorado? How can they best be combined? State boundaries have no relevance to such questions. No intelligent answers can be reached without a national policy, and without impartial engineering study of the possibilities of the river and the potentialities of the various regions which it may serve. In spite of all that may be said against Washington bureaucrats and red tape, the chances are that the highly efficient Reclamation Bureau under the intelligent direction of a public-spirited scientist like Dr. Elwood Mead can recommend a better all-round plan for federal legislation than would result from a long-delayed bargain between locally minded state authorities.

Suppose, however, a prompt and adequate agreement could be reached by all the states bordering on the river. Still, in this case, federal action would be necessary because of the need of making a new agreement with Mexico. And in addition, federal money and oversight would be essential because the states in question could not furnish the development funds. They do not, in fact, contemplate doing so. Arizona is poor; her share of the cost, if it were borne by the states, would eat up most of her budget. Wyoming has a constitutional provision against the financing of public improvements with state bonds. The federal government will have to do the job if it is ever done. And the job will have a large bearing on the welfare, not only of the states where the dams and power plants will be situated, but of the whole country which consumes the products grown on the farms, and the manufactures of the factories furnished with power. Doctrinaire anti-federalism in such a situation is little less than absurd. It was wise to try to negotiate a state compact. But there is no wisdom in allowing its possible abstract desirability to obscure its obvious failure.

Stabilization of the Franc

IN French politics, the franc is assumed to be really worth its nominal value. The present depreciation is assumed to be temporary. Important political leaders talk of the restoration of the franc to par in five years, or ten at most. Let us see what light a bit of simple arithmetic may shed on the value of this promise.

The budget for 1925, which has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies, carries a total expenditure of 34,500,000,000 francs. Of this amount 19,500,000,000 provides for the service of the debt. The item of amortization is small: almost the whole of the nineteen and a half billions is interest. With the franc at five cents this interest charge amounts to a little under one billion dollars in gold. With the franc at par the interest charge would be nearly four billion dollars. And this allows nothing for interest on the war debts to England and the United States.

The principal of the domestic debt of France amounts to 277,850,000,000 francs, and the foreign "commercial debt," i. e., the debt to which the French government accords a validity which is not merely "political," amounts to 20,000,000,000 paper francs. Reckoning the franc at five cents, the total debt—again omitting the $7,000,000,000 of the war debts to England and America—amounts to $15,000,000,000. Reckoning the franc at par the total debt is $60,000,000,000.

As an offset to the debt, France has whatever payments she may receive from Germany under the Dawes plan. The value of the total payments to be made by Germany—if the Dawes plan works—is $10,000,000,000 of which France is to receive 52 percent, or $5,200,000,000. With the franc at five cents this sum would reduce the principal of the non-political debt by 104,000,000,000 francs, leaving 196,000,000,000 francs, a net debt.

Let us arrange our problem in such a way as to give the franc the benefit of any doubt. We will assume that England and America agree to cancel the French war debts. We will assume that the Dawes plan works so well that France is placed in a position to realize $5,200,000,000 on her claim, and succeeds in applying this sum to the retirement of her domestic debt while the franc still remains at five cents, so that she is left with an indebtedness of not more than 200,000,000,000 francs and an interest charge of not more than 12,000,000,000 francs. Would it then be possible to raise the franc to par? That depends upon the ability of France to carry a debt of $40,000,000,000 with an interest charge of over $2,000,000,000.

The ability of a country to carry a debt depends ultimately on the magnitude of the national income and capital. The national income of France today may be put at $10,000,000,000 at the outside. The national capital will fall well short of $100,000,000,000. Since we are giving the franc the

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benefit of every doubt we will assume that these figures are not too high. Would it be possible for a national income of ten billion dollars to pay two billions in interest on the public debt? Plainly not. No government can, in the long run, take by taxation twenty percent of all incomes, great and small, without producing economic decadence. The present burden of taxation in France, which amounts to about sixteen percent of the national income, is too heavy to be borne long. And France has to meet the ordinary expenses of government as well as interest on her debt. Those expenses amount now to $700,000,000 gold, and are not likely to diminish greatly.

The franc cannot go to par so long as the national capital and income of France remain near their present position. Is it not possible, however, that the wealth and income may greatly increase in the next decade as a result of industrial expansion? After the Napoleonic wars a great many conservative British writers on finance saw no escape from the crushing burden of war debt except by repudiation. The remarkable expansion of British industry and the growth of the national wealth rendered any such measure of violence unnecessary. May not a similar development take place in France?

Through the War France gained possession of the iron ores of Lorraine, the coal of the Saar and the textile industry of Alsace-Lorraine. These are not inconsiderable additions to national wealth. But it would be childish to treat them as an adequate basis for a great industrial development. The Alsatian textile industry throve so long as it enjoyed the closed market of Germany. Its competing power in international trade is low. The Lorraine ores, combined with Westphalian coke under German industrial efficiency and German governmental support were of great economic value. Equally good ores inside the old French boundary were virtually worthless under French management, and it remains to be seen whether France will gain more than a mediocre profit from her increased ore resources. The Saar coal is not so easily mined nor so favorably situated as to offer a differential advantage to French industry. Moreover, the international commercial situation is not one which favors a great expansion of French industry.

Neither at the present time nor in any future time near enough to affect present calculations would it be possible for France to carry the burden of her debt with the franc at par. In our calculations we have given the franc the benefit of every doubt yet the burden remains intolerable. In actual experience the franc will not receive the benefit of the doubt. France will not get $5,200,000,000 out of Germany, and if she did, she would never be able to apply it, on a depreciated franc basis, to her debt. She will not easily secure the cancellation of her debt to England and America.

Therefore France has before her a choice of evils: to live as now under a fluctuating currency or to stabilize the franc at or near its present value.

The evil of a fluctuating currency is serious. In every international transaction involving time the fluctuations in the value of the franc introduce an element of risk, a handicap to the French business man in competition with Americans, British, Germans. In domestic economic relations the fluctuations of the franc, reflected as they are in the cost of living, are a constant source of discontent and discouragement. Most serious of all, such a currency as the French now have produces grave political instability. Any government may be subverted by a violent raid upon the franc. Last spring the Poincaré government came within an ace of being overthrown because of the debacle of the franc, and it is doubtful how long the Herriot government will be able to survive if the present downward movement continues. So long as the present condition obtains France will be controlled chiefly by financiers and speculators, whatever the electorate may wish.

But the evils that would follow upon formal devaluation are still greater, in the eyes of the politicians who govern France. Incredible as it may seem, a great part of the owners of French bonds believe that eventually they will be paid interest and principal in francs of full value. A still greater part believe that they will be paid in a franc worth ten cents, at least. These bondholders are exceedingly numerous, distributed throughout every class and every part of the country. If the government were to announce that the franc was to be convertible in gold at, say, twenty to the dollar an immense political upheaval would inevitably follow. The party responsible for the "repudiation" would be as good as dead.

Apparently there is only one way out and that is "to let nature take her course." It is a harsh course nature takes. The franc will fall again, disastrously. British and American finance will again be called on to rescue the franc from utter collapse. They may be expected to make conditions, political and financial. Among these conditions the first place is likely to be given to a return to common honesty, the stabilization of the franc at a value the resources of France can maintain.

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The Drama of the Colorado

THE Colorado is the most dramatic of American rivers—perhaps, if you put prophecy ahead of history, of all rivers. Given time, which railroads and the swift advance of population have denied, it might have produced a civilization as different from that of its neighbor, the Mississippi, as that of the Mississippi is from the cultures of the Danube and the Rhine. From its inception, fourteen thousand feet above the sea, through its flaming mile-deep canyons and along its swollen delta, where it has laid down three hundred feet of fabulously rich soil, it is a stream with a pulse and personality peculiar to itself. It is the product of a region of abrupt contrasts—of flowing water in an arid land, of monumental rocks and plunging chasms, of flashing futuristic colors. It has none of the classicism of the Hudson or the Potomac; it was carved and painted long ago, by some Society of Independent Artists who did not work by precedent. The magic is not wholly out of it even now. It may yet be capable, despite the transcontinental railways and highways, which send travel across the river valleys instead of up and down them, despite, also, the motion picture, the radio and the popular magazine, of laying a spell upon a race of men. It may give a new rhythm to their dances, a new cadence to their songs, a new boldness of line and color to their arts. For one cannot think of a population in the valley of the Colorado as serving purely materialistic gods, or sentencing themselves to a dour puritanism.

The Colorado is capricious and full of a wild humor. Its average flow, below the Grand Canyon, is about 20,000 second-feet, yet there is good evidence that in time of flood it has sent down as much as 500,000 second-feet—an increase of 2,400 per cent. When a flood of even a third of this volume emerges upon the delta, augmented by the waters of the Gila, the ranchers in the Imperial, the Coachella and the Palo Verde have cause to tremble. Throughout its lower course the river bestrides a great hogback of silt, which it is raising at the rate of a foot a year and which is now nearly 80 feet above sea level, and from 100 to 300 feet above the level of the Imperial Valley. In 1905 it broke through a temporary irrigation intake and flowed for eighteen months into the Salton Sea. Had this deluge continued, or if it were to recur, the river would drown out, probably for the life of this generation, 90 percent of the Imperial's 350,000 acres of cultivated land. "It is a great devilfish," said one Californian, testifying last year before a congressional committee, "reaching over into the Imperial Valley and trying every way to get there." It flips a jocose tentacle and wipes out the life work of thousands of human ants. In ten, fifteen or twenty-five years, according to chance and the temperament of the engineer who makes the estimate, it will again emerge from its bed and menace the valley lands. This is one reason, and the most imminent one, for the proposals now pending in Congress for a comprehensive development of the whole of the lower basin.

But a river's capacity for evil is commensurate with its capacity for good. The Colorado, dropping to the sea, exerts a force equivalent to something between 4,000,000 and 6,000,000 recoverable horsepower—or from one-sixth to one-fourth of the potential waterpower of the United States. Flood control could be accomplished by a dam at Topock which incidentally would submerge the town of Needles, but such a dam would be of little use for irrigation or for power. In order to combine these objects in a plan which would satisfy the seven states—Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and California—which contribute water to the Colorado, the Colorado River Compact, the first great interstate treaty in American history, was negotiated two years ago by a commission headed by Herbert Hoover. Six states have ratified this treaty, and seem willing to accept the Swing-Johnson bill, which provides for two specific measures—the Boulder dam and the All-American canal. The Boulder dam, which would be constructed in Black Canyon, near the Arizona-Nevada boundary, would cost, in its most ambitious form, $50,000,000, would be 605 feet high and 1,350 feet long, and would create a reservoir 120 miles long and large enough to hold two years' normal flow of the river. It would yield 600,000 primary horsepower—a rich plum which, as will be seen, makes mouths water in Southern California.

The "All-American Canal," as it has been rather adroitly called, would take water from the river twelve miles above Yuma, and carry it through sixty miles of sand and desert into the Imperial. The purpose of this canal is sufficiently indicated by a remark of Representative Swing, author of the House bill. "God planned," said Swing, "that Mexico should get what water was left after we got through with it." This divine purpose might have been more fully realized, however, had the American commissioners who adjusted the boundary line after the Mexican war run the line from the mouth of the Colorado, as they might easily have done. The present irrigation canal lies for sixty miles of its course in Mexico, and could easily be cut from the Mexican side in time of war or disorder. Of more immediate importance is the fact that under the terms of its construction Mexico receives half of the water for considerably less than half the expense of maintaining the canal. The situation is not simplified by the further fact that a syndicate headed by Harry Chandler, proprietor of

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the Los Angeles Times, owns 830,000 acres on the Mexican side, of which 190,000 acres are irrigated and between 500,000 and 600,000 probably irrigable. Mr. Chandler's company has experimented with Chinese and Japanese labor, and some Californians have nightmares of a vast oriental subdivision within easy bombing distance of Los Angeles.

But this is only one of the conflicts arising out of the attempt to dispose of the Colorado's spoils. The Colorado River Compact settled an issue between the Upper Basin States and those of the lower basin, by giving the former—that is, those lying above Lee's Ferry, at the Utah-Nevada line—the right to 7,500,000 acre-feet out of the average estimated flow of 20,000,000, and the lower basin the right to 8,500,000 feet. This division is an allotment of rights to water rather than of the water itself, for in each case it is about double the amount now in use. In addition the rights to some 4,000,000 acre-feet not appropriated under the compact are left for consideration forty years hence. At the time it was thought, perhaps mistakenly, that at least forty years would pass before the 4,000,000 feet of surplus would be needed. To Mr. Hoover, at least, this agreement, signed in November, 1922, seemed to promise "the building of a million more homes out under the blue sky, in security and good will." But Arizona, alone among the seven states, refused to ratify, and to this day there is no indication that she will ever ratify. Here is the bitterest and most far-reaching controversy of all, upon which may turn the future of the whole southwest. The waters of the Colorado may nourish a million homes and add to the cultivated lands of the United States an area as large as Maryland, but the question is where these homes shall be, and what sort of civilization shall prevail there. The issue lies, not between the upper and lower states, not between the United States and Mexico, not between Mr. Chandler of the Colorado River Land Company and Mr. Chandler of the Los Angeles Times, not between private and public ownership of dams and power houses, though all these questions require adjustment, but between what may be called the Arizona idea and what may be called the Los Angeles idea.

The Boulder dam, though it has been recommended by the engineers of the reclamation service, is a Los Angeles idea, and the chief arguments for its necessity and advantages are Los Angeles ideas. Los Angeles is growing like a well-watered weed. Between 1900 and 1920 its population increased from 100,000 to 572,000; last year it probably passed the million mark; and by 1934, unless the boom collapses and absentee manufacturers and farmers from the East no longer seek the lotus in their old age, it may be expected to reach two million. But this growth is conditioned upon water and power, and the supply of both is limited. The city has already thrust a tentacle 250 miles into the Owens river valley in California, turning 160,000 acres of productive land into desert in order to water Angelan flower gardens. It has nibbled at every cheap power resource south of the Tehachapi. If it must confine itself to its natural drainage area the end of cheap power and abundant water is in sight. In twelve years, the Los Angeles engineers believe, all the available waterpower in Southern California will have been put to what is called beneficial use. At the same time the oil reserves will be dwindling; at the present rate of exhaustion they will not last more than twenty years. If the concentration of population, wealth and political power around Los Angeles is to continue, the Colorado must be called upon for assistance. Already the city has had to turn away manufacturing enterprises which would have used 100,000 horsepower, an incident indescribably painful to any Californian brought up on the philosophy of Frank Wiggins. At a hearing on the Swing bill, before the Senate a few weeks ago, Ralph Criswell, chairman of the Los Angeles city council, declared that his city was prepared to take 1,500 second-feet, or about one-thirteenth of the average flow of the river, for its domestic water supply, and if the government would build the Boulder dam it was ready to take all the power not otherwise contracted for "at a royalty that may amortize the bonds for the building of this dam in a period of thirty to forty years." The Southern California Edison Company has offered to build the dam itself at no expense whatever to the government. This company has been selling power to the city of Los Angeles for about eight mills a kilowatt hour. The power from Boulder dam could be set down in Los Angeles at three and a half to four and a half. The effect upon Los Angeles real estate would be incalculable.

At this point the voice of Arizona begins to be heard. "The Colorado River," declares Governor Hunt, who has steadfastly opposed both the signing of the compact and the building of the Boulder dam, "is our great resource, and unless we conserve it and get the maximum benefit from it we can depend upon becoming a sort of vermiform appendix to Los Angeles, instead of becoming one of the great empire states of this nation."

Arizona would rather see the river pursue its own wild way for a time than have the Boulder dam go up. The base of such a dam would be only 700 feet above sea level—too low to be easily accessible for Arizona. Southern California, it is suspected, would acquire prior rights to the water coming down to the dam and Mr. Chandler's Mexican acres would get most of the remainder. Two alternative projects have been put forward in Arizona's name. One is for a dam at Spencer Canyon, about a hundred miles above the Boulder Canyon site, from which it is at least theoretically possible to carry water to irrigable lands in south-

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western Arizona. One bold soul, Mr. George H. Maxwell, of Phoenix, is spokesman for a high-line canal which would be from 550 to 700 miles long and which, he says, would irrigate three and a half million acres. A commission of government engineers who investigated this project reported that it would cost at least a billion dollars, would take about three-fourths of the flow of the river and was "not worthy of serious consideration." Another Arizona plan—or daydream—was to take water from the river at Parker, and by pumping irrigate six million acres in the basin of the Gila. Government engineers thought it might be barely possible to irrigate 150,000 acres of this tract. To irrigate it all would require the entire flow of the river. A third project, with more engineering backing, is that for a monster dam at Lee's Ferry. This would at least have, from Arizona's point of view, the advantage of creating no water rights below Lee's Ferry.

The House Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation took nearly two thousand pages of testimony on the Swing bill. The Senate committee, after taking a few hundred pages, has rested from its labors, but the measure will come up again at the next session. The outcome is a little dubious. Ultimately, perhaps, the federal government will find itself compelled to undertake the full development of the river in order to avoid the deadlock arising from the conflicting state and private interests. Arizona, certainly, shows no sign of weakening. In his message to the legislature on January 12, Governor Hunt reiterated his opposition to the Boulder dam and the Colorado River Compact, and proposed, among other things, that the state acquire the right to develop power at Diamond Creek, above the proposed Boulder dam site.

But the Arizonans are against doing anything in a hurry, unless it be the minimum necessary to protect the delta lands from flood or destructive drought. The Lee's Ferry, or, more properly, Glen Canyon dam, would achieve the first of these objects, at least. They are troubled by the suspicion that if the Boulder dam is built first, and if the cities of Southern California are allowed to draw upon it for power and water, a moral, and perhaps a legal right will be created, against which no subsequent need of Arizona can prevail. Some of them have seen the sand blowing in Owens valley where once crops grew, and are afraid that California may similarly condemn large areas in their own state to a perpetual aridity. For there is just so much water in the river; drought and flood, decade by decade, the average does not greatly vary; and this water will wet down just so much land and no more; support just so many people and no more. If the Colorado is metamorphosed into long, neat rows of bungalows in the expanding suburbs of Los Angeles it will never yield ranches in the far interior.

The mountain states, it is believed, must grow slowly and must draw a different population from that which is now feeding upon the honey of the Southern California coast. They must rely upon settlers who come, not to find a premature Elysium, but to wrestle with the soil. Their communities will be scattered in valleys, separated by high mountains. They will be surrounded by desert lands which no water from any river will ever make materially fertile; and these mountains, and empty places, and the flood of light, and the eternal flowing forth of color, and the slow procession of hardly changing seasons will set them apart from other Americans; and in the course of years a poetic and virile enrichment of the national life may come out of them. But there are Arizonans who discern no possible enrichment of the national life in the culture now flourishing around Los Angeles. That culture, they maintain, is, at its best, mediocre and imitative. This viewpoint has been set forth most vigorously and poetically by Mary Austin. To practical men it may have an air of romance and mysticism, yet it is a native product of the Colorado country—of flaming gorges, of vermilion walls, of mountains of mauve and purple.

In this clash of temperaments, it is vain to deny, the burden of American sympathy is likely to lie with Southern California. The vision of power, carried for hundreds of miles, taking the place of oil and coal, running transcontinental railways, making possible a cleaner industrialism, building up great cities in a snowless climate, is a veritable Rotarian Apocalypse. If it is never, or not soon, realized, it will be because of local quarrels apart from the main issue, and because our government moves in these matters with a slow and heavy tread —how slow and heavy only those know who have read the proceedings of committees of Congress.

In the meantime the Colorado flows, practically without let or hindrance, from Long's Peak to the sea, carrying down annually its two hundred million tons of silt, and laboring at its appointed task of depositing the backbone of the continent, bit by bit, in the gulf of California. In the Imperial valley ranchers find their credit tightening because of the insecurity of their tenure; and many a hard-bitten pioneer has been forced to sell out and move away. In Los Angeles Mr. Chandler sometimes indulges in dreams of a marvelous Mexican sub-division; Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Swing and others contemplate with horror the possibility of an oriental power establishing itself on the lower Colorado and drowning Los Angeles in poison gas; and land owners in Los Angeles see their city growing mightily, day by day—a million and a half, two million, three million; God only knows where it will stop, but if God and the government and Arizona will let them dip into the Colorado deeply enough they will not worry.

And Arizona waits, as Greece once waited, her future uncertain. For even poets and mysticists will not grow without water.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

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The "Best" of School Mornings*

TO begin with, Mrs. Spencer was warm and human. She loved her work, she loved the children. You could tell that at once from the way she was addressing the new little boy from Ohio, putting him at his ease, wording the question in denominate numbers with just the right note of apology in her tone so that he might not think New York was talking down to him.

And the children loved her. They were willing in their responses, even the "Pest," a well grown lad of nine who sat right under Mrs. Spencer's desk, and did extremely well under the circumstances.

The circumstances of course were the necessity of sitting as docilely as possible in one seat for hours at a time and letting Mrs. Spencer assign the work, and not only assign it, but for the most part do all the talking about it and all the deciding as to when one job should end and another begin.

To be sure, she did it all in the friendliest way imaginable, with a good deal of understanding of the willingness of children to coöperate in almost any enterprize if only you assume that they will.

The room itself was friendly, large and sunny, with big windows to the rear and the left, giving one a wide expanse of sky and a spreading city below. If forty-two active, restless boys and girls must perforce sit quietly by the hour and listen to abstractions, they could scarce have chosen a more cheerful place. There were flowering plants in boxes at the windows, and the lower sashes of the windows were gay with silhouette drawings made by the children. The same gay frieze of birds and black cats ran over the clothes closet whose doors were covered with a quantity of little prints and placards: "factors," "units," "numerator," "denominator," "mixed number." On the supply closet doors were the Declaration of Independence, a lengthy notice in fine print from the American Legion, concerning Our Flag—How to Display It; How to Respect It, and the roll of local members of the American Junior Red Cross. On a black board was written, "I shall pass through this world but once. Any *good* thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it *now*. Let me not defer it, nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." Over the front board was another placard, "Self Control."

This was evidently the class slogan, for every now and again Mrs. Spencer would pause and point to it half humorously, "Up nice and straight and tall, everybody," her voice would be ever so good-natured, "and let's all of us exercise—"

"Self-control!" the class would answer with equal good humor.

An arithmetic lesson was beginning as we entered. Mrs. Spencer turned from the Ohio boy to a little miss who sat staring at her finished sum with lines of deep worry in her face.

"Good for you, Helen. That's just right—you didn't know you were so smart." Helen's look of worry dissolved into a smile.

"Little helpers to the board," Mrs. Spencer announced, "George, Edith, Fred, Gertrude, each take two children who need helping." A dozen children ranged themselves around the room, grouped in threes. "Begin at page 101 in your books, and start with the first example. You others in your seats, begin at page 115, example 4. Yes, you may talk to one another about your work." A little buzz ran over the room.

There were two grades in the class, Mrs. Spencer explained to the visitor, fifteen bright children from 4a and twenty-seven dull ones from 4b. Both groups were now ready to enter 5a, the bright pupils having done two terms' work in one. Mrs. Spencer was using these bright children as coaches for the slower ones. The plan worked admirably, and gave her a chance to pay more individual attention to those not being coached. It was impossible to give much individual help when one had forty-two children at once. Many of them were serious problems, sent to her because she knew how to deal with them. She never nagged, but tried instead to understand what lay behind a child's behavior.

She consulted her watch. "The coaching period is over," she announced. "To your seats."

"There is one example we all need to talk about," she said, as the children settled thmselves. "Thirty-seven and one-half minus twenty-five and one-fifth." She wrote it on the board. "Who can give me the

* This article is supplementary to Any School Morning which appeared in the New Republic for November 12, 1924. That article described a class and school selected at random, a procedure which some teachers have felt was unfair to the public schools in general.

In the present instance therefore an attempt has been made to report the "best" of ordinary school mornings—experimental classes excepted. The principal of the school visited is one of the most enlightened and progressive men in the New York system. His school and his methods have received frequent and well deserved public commendation. The writer asked and received permission to spend the morning with his very best teacher of a fourth grade.

There may be better "best" teachers in the system, but it is worth while to ask just how much in the way of creative experience can be afforded to childen by any teacher, no matter how technically skilled or graciously human, who suffers under a fixed course of study, an overcrowded class, a room void of any materials save blackboards, desks and books, and the tradition of the teacher as the active, directing agent, and of the pupils as the docile and receptive ones.

That the class teachers themselves are aware of the difficulties of the job, is shown by the remarkable response to the recent request of Supt. Wm. J. O'Shea of New York City that they indicate changes needed in the course of study and in methods of instruction. That they are more aware of the necessity for change than are their superiors is plain from the returns from one district, whose superintendent turned in more than 500 changes suggested by his teachers, only two of which had his endorsement.

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least common denominator? Fanny? I called on you because you weren't paying attention. Well, then, Sam, you tell us. Ten, that's right. Now then, Sam, what do we—oh I hope you know it—what do we do next?" But Sam stood helplessly at sea. A girl suggested the next step.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Spencer, "there's a girl here named Sam." But for all the help proffered, Sam was unable to complete the sum without prodigious prodding.

"The arithmetic period is over. Keep your papers in your books. Your homework is example 2 on page 114: 117,799 divided by 3,648. How do we prove an example in division? We mult——"

"Multiply the divisor by the quotient," said the class in unison.

"We are smart today. Stephen, what seems to be the trouble?"

Stephen, the "Pest," jerked his head back at the girl behind him. "She keeps sticking her feet into my back," he complained.

"Oh, dear, how dreadful! Such little tiny feet going right through a big thick bench right into your big strong back! I suppose you are too seriously hurt to go to Mr. Hazen's room and fetch me the map of Asia. You're not? Well, and you, David, go and get the map of Europe from Miss Flynn." Both boys had reached the door as though shot from a gun. "Remember to say 'Please'." Mrs. Spencer turned to the class. "Always be——"

"Polite," they responded.

"Yes, always be polite, it's worth while, you'll find. Up tall—stretch up—deep breath—out—that's better. While we're waiting for the maps, I want Sarah, George, Walter and Dominick to come up front and recite each a verse of "Woodman, Spare That Tree!"

The children ran through the poem with no particular circumstance, save for Sarah, a heavy fat girl who intoned the third stanza with deep emotion.

"Sarah, you were just wonderful!" applauded Mrs. Spencer. "You recited with so much expression, it made my heart go pitta-pat.

"Take our your geographies, and turn to the map of Asia. Page 185.

"Henry, what is Asia?"

"Asia—Asia—" stammered the uncertain Henry.

"Class?"

"Asia is a continent."

"Well, what is the meaning of continent, Elsie?"

"A continent is the largest division of land."

"Right, when I talk about a continent, what do I mean? I mean land."

Stephen returned with the map of Asia and swung it deftly into place over the board. He lingered over the job of straightening it, hating to relinquish even so slight an activity for the detestable business of sitting still. One wondered how much he would have been regarded as a "Pest" if he might have ranged at will through a science laboratory, or spent his excess energies in a school carpentry shop or printing room instead of spending hours at a desk.

"Thank you, Stephen, it looks fine. Take the pointer, and show us the coast-line. Not so fast. What do I mean by coast-line? Right. And from the kind of coast-line that Asia has, what do you think Asia is good for? I'll ask Edna to answer me. To your seat Stephen."

The questions ran on with their perfunctory answers. "Tell me what you can about the extreme northern part. The coldest part of the world. Right. What about this," pointing to the Tropic of Cancer. "Cold," said one child, "Hot," said another. "Who said 'Hot'? He was right. Point to the Ural Mountains." Three children tried it in vain. For all Mrs. Spencer's warmth and zeal, the class could not find Asia interesting.

"Hang Asia over the back board and we'll review Europe." At least six boys leaped from their seats to remove the map of Asia and hang Europe in its place.

"I want the Caucasian Mountains, I want the Bay of Biscay. Name five countries of Europe. . . ." But even Europe in review had no attractions. Mrs. Spencer looked at her watch again.

"Why, it's way past time for crackers and milk." A dozen hands waved wildly. Two boys were selected to fetch the milk.

"While we're waiting, who can tell me the name of that pretty little picture over there?" Mrs. Spencer indicated a print. "Dance of the Nymphs. Right, Sarah."

"Who remembers the artist?" She wrote Corot on the board.

"What hour of the day is usually depicted in his pictures? Early morning or twilight. And what is there about Corot's pictures that makes them great? Every great artist, children, has something about his pictures that makes them great. And Corot's is what?"

"He leaves something to your imagination," declared Sarah.

"Right," affirmed Mrs. Spencer. "Now, we have only five minutes for crackers and milk.

"We'll have to hurry," Mrs. Spencer appeared to regret the end of recess as much as anyone, "but it's time for writing. Monitors pass the papers. Everyone up, nice and straight and tall, and do your very best. Write your names. Don't forget to end with an upward stroke. Two or three forgot about the upward stroke last time. It's just as bad as coming to school with your clothes unbuttoned or your necktie off. Write these words."

She wrote a number of words on the board: mountain, camp, August, glove, song, thumb, itself.

"Do your very best. We have only a week or two more before promotion day." A shiver ran over the class. Two or three girls covered their faces with their hands.

Mrs. Spencer erased the words. "Who can spell August? John?"

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"August: A-u-g-u-s-t, August," said John quickly.

"What was wrong? Dora?"

"August: *capital* A-u-g-u-s-t, August," declared Dora.

"Right. Time for reading. And we are going to exchange readers with Miss Flynn's class." There were little murmurs of delight. "So we shan't use our own readers today, but instead, let's act out one of the stories. Let's do the Mad Tea Party. Who remembers it best?" Four children were chosen.

The playlet went off admirably, the little girl who impersonated Alice, looking exactly like her.

"Fine. You were all good," Mrs. Spencer declared. "Now we'll have a language game. Why do we have language games?"

Nobody appeared to know. "To teach us to speak correct English," said Mrs. Spencer, "always know the reason, children, for what you do. Now I shan't select anybody who isn't sitting up very nice and tall and straight. And look here, young man, when I need any assistance from you I'll ask for it. Too many feet sticking out in this aisle. Under your desks. That's right. We'll play the 'It Is I' game. Edna, you may choose."

All the children hid their faces in their hands, while Edna flew down the aisle, touching this one and that. The "Pest" squirmed miserably.

Another child called the names. As each child was called, he rose and answered, "No, Edna, it was not I whom the Fairy touched," or "Yes" as the case might be. The "Pest" extended his arms in utter disgust.

"Stephen," Mrs. Spencer was quite amicable, "I need change for three dollars in dimes to settle our arrangements for seeing Peter Pan. You just run to your father's store and get them for me." Stephen immediately straightened up and left the room with an air of solemn responsibility.

"We'll have a drill game on the word bring," Mrs. Spencer told the class.

The game ended the morning. The children sat passively enough as the successive gongs sounded. They were well-trained and they knew that Mrs. Spencer wanted things to go through in order.

"We'll have the girls choose the best looking boy to escort our visitor back to the principal's office," said Mrs. Spencer. "And we hope she has enjoyed her morning."

AGNES DE LIMA.

Mary Berry

AMOR, che a nullo amato amar perdona: there could be no better summary of the tragic romance of Madame du Deffand, Horace Walpole, and Mary Berry. For Love moves in a mysterious way, and the Paolos and Francescas of this world, though they may be the most attractive of his victims, are not the most remarkable. Madame du Deffand was blind and nearly seventy when, after a long career of brilliant dissipation and icy cynicism, she was suddenly overwhelmed by a passion which completely dominated her existence, until she died, fifteen years later, at the age of eighty-three. Horace Walpole, the object of this extraordinary adoration, was a middle-aged man of fashion, a dilettante, whose heart, like hers, had never felt a violent emotion, and, naturally enough, was not induced to do so by this strange catastrophe. He was flattered, he was charmed; but he was obsessed by a terror of ridicule; his enemies—worse still, his friends—would laugh if they ever got wind of this romantic aberration; and so he mixed kindness and severity, ruthlessness and attentions, in so fatally medicinal a potion that the unhappy creature in Paris died at last less of old age than a broken heart. But "the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges." Walpole himself, when he was over seventy, suffered the same fate as Madame du Deffand. The egotism of a lifetime suddenly collapsed before the fascination of Mary Berry. It was in vain that the old wit sought to conceal from himself and the world the nature of the feelings which had seized upon him. He made game of his vicissitude; he was in love—ah, yes!—but with both the charming sisters—with Agnes as well as Mary; they were his "twin wives," and might share his coronet between them if they liked. For a short space, indeed, he was almost entirely happy. Mary was gentle, intelligent, and appreciative; Agnes, gay and sprightly, made a perfect chaperone. They were his near neighbors at Twickenham, and night after night they would sit with him in his Strawberry Hill drawing-room, while, from his sofa, with an occasional pinch of snuff, he discoursed to them for endless magical hours, pouring out before them his whole treasury of anecdotes and reflections and quips and fancies and memories—old scandals, old frolics, old absurdities, old characters—the darling sixty years' accumulation of the most rapacious gossip who ever lived.

It was during these happy days—the springtime of his passion—that he wrote down for the sisters his Reminiscences, which have now been republished, from the original manuscripts, by the Clarendon Press.* The volume, elegantly printed, with elucidations by Mr. Paget Toynbee, two portraits, and some interesting notes of conversations with

* Reminiscences, written by Mr. Horace Walpole in 1788, for the amusement of Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry. With notes and index by Paget Toynbee. Oxford: the Clarendon Press. 42s.

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Lady Suffolk, now produced for the first time, is as delightful in its form as in its matter—delightful to handle, to look at, to browse over for an evening by the fire. In its polished, delicate pages the English eighteenth century is reflected for us, as in a diminishing mirror—St. James's, Sir Robert, a king or two, Mrs. Howard, old Sarah, Queen Caroline—miraculously small and neat; while Dance's admirable drawing shows us the author, almost, one might imagine, in the act of composition, with his face so full of subtlety, experience, reticence and sly urbanity.

But the happy days were not to last. Love grows cruel as he grows old; the arrow festers in the flesh; and a pleasant pang becomes a torture. Walpole could not be blinded forever to the essential impossibility of his situation, and at last he was obliged to plumb his feelings to their depths. A dreadful blow fell when the sisters, accompanied by their father, left England on the grand tour. Their decision to do so had stunned him; their departure plunged him in grief; he was very old, and they were to be away for more than a year; would he ever see Mary again? Yet he bore up bravely, and his inimitable letters flowed over Europe in an unceasing stream. The crisis came when, on their return journey, the Berrys arranged to go back through France. It was in 1791, and the country was seething with the ferment of the Revolution. Walpole was terrified, and implored Mary to return by Germany; in vain. Then the old man's self-control utterly gave way. Fear, mortification, anger, and solicitude mastered him by turns; his agitation was boundless, he could talk of nothing but the Berrys, rushing from person to person, pouring out, everywhere, to anybody, the palpitating tale of his terrors and his griefs. London shrugged its shoulders. Lord Orford was ridiculous. The grim ghost of Madame du Deffand must have smiled sardonically at the sight.

It was not merely the incompatibility of age that made his case desperate; there was another more fatal circumstance. Mary Berry herself was passionately in love—with General O'Hara. He was a middle-aged soldier of an old-fashioned type, abounding in Irish energy, with a red and black face and shining teeth; and when, in 1795, he was made governor of Gibraltar, she became engaged to marry him. The marriage itself was postponed, at her wish. She might have left Walpole in his misery; and even her father, who was helpless without her; but she could not leave her sister, who was in the middle of a difficult love-affair, and was every moment in need of her advice. "I *think* I am doing right," she told O'Hara. "I am *sure* I am consulting the peace and happiness of those about me, and not my own." The General sailed, and she never saw him again. At first their correspondence was all that was most fitting. The General poured out his gallantries, and Mary indulged in delicious visions of domesticity. She sketched in detail the balance-sheet of their future "establishment." Reducing their expenditures to a minimum, she came to the conclusion that £2,263 a year would be enough for them both. Of this sum, £58 would cover "the wages of four women servants—a housekeeper, a cook under her, a housemaid, and lady's maid"; while "liveries for the three men servants and the coachman" would cost £80 a year, and wine £100. But Mary's castle was all too truly in Spain. Before the year was out, it had vanished into thin air. She discovered that the "Old Cock of the Rock," as his military comrades called him, was keeping a couple of mistresses; expostulations followed, mutual anger, and finally a complete severance. She believed to the end of her life that if they could have met for twenty-four hours every difficulty would have disappeared; but it was not to be. The French War prevented O'Hara from returning to England, and in 1802 he died at his post.

Mary Berry was to live for half a century more, but she never recovered from this disaster. There, for the rest of her life, at the very basis of her existence, lay the iron fact of an irremediable disappointment. Thus her fate was the very reverse of Madame du Deffand's; the emotional tragedy, coming at the beginning of a long life instead of at the end, gave a sombre color to the whole; and yet, in the structure of their minds, the two were curiously similar. Both were remarkable for reason and good sense, for a certain intellectual probity, for a disillusioned view of things, and for great strength of will. Between these two stern women, the figure of Horace Walpole makes a strange appearance—a creature all vanity, elegance, insinuation, and finesse—by far the most feminine of the three.

He died, leaving the sisters a house at Little Strawberry Hill and the interest on £4,000 for each of them for their lives. By a cruel irony of circumstance, her sister's love-affair, which had led Mary, so fatally, to postpone her marriage, turned out no less unfortunately than her own. Agnes had become engaged to a wealthy young cousin; but, at the last moment, the match had been broken off. The sisters never separated for the whole of their long lives. Agnes was cheerful, but a little vague in the head; she painted. Old Mr. Berry was cheerful, but quite incompetent; he did nothing at all. Mary was intelligent, with enough character for three at the very least; and she did everything that had to be done, with consummate ease. Friends surrounded her. Walpole had launched the family into the highest society, where they had at once become very popular. His cousin, Mrs. Damer, was Mary's intimate and confidante. The Berry sisters—Blackberry and Gooseberry they were nicknamed by the malicious—were seen at every social function, and gradually became a social centre themselves. Among her other gifts Mary possessed a marvellous capacity for the part of hostess. Wherever

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she went—and she was constantly on the move—in North Audley Street, in Bath, in Paris, in Italy—it always happened that the most fashionable and the cleverest people grouped themselves about her. One winter, in Genoa, she seemed to create a civilization out of nothing; the little community gave a gasp of horror when she went away. Apparently there was nothing that she could not bring about in her drawing-room; she could even make Frenchmen hold their tongues; she could even make Englishmen talk.

But these were not her only accomplishments. Her masculine mind exercised itself over higher things. She read eagerly and long; she edited Walpole's papers; she studied political economy, appreciating Malthus and Free Trade. In Madame de Staël's opinion she was *"by far* the cleverest woman in England." She had literary ambitions, and brought out a book on Social Life in England and France; but her style failed to express the force of her mentality, so that her careful sentences are today unreadable. Had she been a man, she would not have shone as a writer, but as a political thinker or an administrator; and a man she should have been; with her massive, practical intelligence, she was born too early to be a successful woman. She felt this bitterly. Conscious of high powers, she declaimed against the miserable estate of women, which prevented her from using them. She might have been a towering leader, in thought or action; as it was, she was insignificant. So she said—"insignificant!"—repeating the word over and over again. "And nobody," she added, "ever suffered insignificance more unwillingly than myself."

Yet it was a mitigated insignificance, after all. In 1817 old Mr. Berry died, and for another thirty years all that was distinguished in England and in France passed through the sisters' room in Curzon Street. As time went on, Mary grew ever grander and more vigorous. With old age, something like happiness seemed to come to her—though it was a happiness without serenity. Agnes chirped blithely by her side. Mrs. Damer had vanished, but her place was taken by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who remained a faithful follower till her death. We catch a glimpse of the three ladies in Paris in 1834, when they were all in the neighborhood of seventy. "The Berrys," Lady Granville tells us, "run up and down." Mary was the leader, prepotent, scolding, loud-voiced, and dressed in a pink sash. Agnes and Lady Charlotte fluttered along behind her. There was some laughter, but there was more admiration; Miss Berry was impossible to resist. Everyone flocked to her evenings, as usual, and even critical Lady Granville was at her feet. She was friendly and true, said the Ambassadress, in spite of her frowns and hootings, and her departure would be regretted very much.

The salon in Curzon Street lasted on into the Victorian age, and Thackeray would talk for hours with the friend of Horace Walpole. The lady was indeed a fascinating relic of an abolished world, as she sat, large and formidable, bolt upright, in her black wig, with her rouged cheeks, her commanding features, and her loud conversations, garnished with vigorous oaths. When, in 1852, both sisters died, aged eighty-nine and eighty-eight, the eighteenth century finally vanished from the earth. So much was plain to the habitués of Curzon Street; but they had failed to realize the inner nature, the tragic undertones, of that spirit which had delighted them so wonderfully with its energy and power. It was only when Mary Berry's papers came to be examined that the traces of her secret history appeared. Among them was a description of a dream, dreamt when she was nearly eighty, in which she had found herself walking with Mrs. Damer by a southern shore, young again, and married to General O'Hara. She was perfectly happy—so happy that she prayed to die "before this beautiful vision of life fades, as fade it must from my senses." Yet no!—she was about to have a child; she must live to give him a child, she told Mrs. Damer, and then she might die,

> . . . convinced that I have exhausted everything that can make life desirable. . . . Here I awoke with my eyes suffused with tears, to find myself a poor, feeble old soul, never having possessed either husband or child, and having long survived that friend whom my waking as well as my sleeping thoughts always recall to me, as the comfort and support of nearly thirty years of my sadly insignificant existence.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

White Collary

IN the timidly opening door of Elmer Durkin's shop there appeared a pair of thick-lensed spectacles followed immediately by the face of Quigley, bookkeeper for the Woppington Supply Company.

"How they comin', boy?" asked Elmer.

The dapper little man seemed relieved at finding the newsdealer alone.

"To tell the truth, I'm having my troubles."

"Sit down and shoot me the scenario."

The bookkeeper's sorry little tale was of a fiscal theme; it concerned a conflict between elastic expenses and an inelastic income, and it ended on this poignant note:

"I ought to be paying your little bill for papers, Elmer, but the way things are this week——"

"Say no more, Quig. Let's leave it on the ice for a while." Elmer was obviously glad to escape without a cash loan.

"Sometimes I am almost sorry—" Mr. Quigley's nearsighted eyes searched for concealed listeners—"that I did not learn a good trade. It's the people in my profession that are having the hardest time."

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"The white collar gang?"

"They're not always so very white."

"White's not a color; it's a disease. A guy could live in Pittsburg all his life and still suffer from white collary." Elmer seemed to change the subject. "By the way, Quig, are you getting any kick out of this centennial?"

"Centennial? What of?"

"Of the birth of the white collar—there was an earful about it in the Sunday supp. It seems that a hundred years ago a dame in Troy, New York, was peeved because her old man's shirt got dirty first around the neck and she doped out the idea of the detachable collar. Change your collar every day, and as for the shirt, let your conscience be your guide. That's been Troy's meal ticket ever since and a piece of grief for bookkeepers and clerks."

"We're not the only people that wear them," said the literal Mr. Quigley.

"Sure I know, but if you say, 'white collar slaves' everybody is hep. Now you take young Dink Hubbell who rassels scrapiron all day at the foundry. Dink breezed in here Saturday night dolled up like a new filling station—soup-and-fish, nickel plated shirt, oiled hair, all the works except a two-gallon hat. I asked him how come the cake-eater scenery and he told me the Moulders' Union was throwing a party in Millport and those janes over there flop hard for the glad rags. But if I called that sheik a white collar guy I'd get my trap all full of knuckles.

"You can't hang that sign on storekeepers, either. Chet Donner, the druggist, wears a white collar, shirt, coat and complexion, but a bird that can take a dime's worth of dope, stick a wop name on it and make you kick in $1.75, doesn't qualify.

"There goes Uncle John Riggles hoofing it down Main Street. He probably hasn't had a choker on his swanlike throat since the day his daughter married that violin teacher, but still he's got the heart and soul and neckband of the profession. He's what you might call a collar-a-year man.

"Not knocking anybody present—a white collar guy would rather pull down a pale thin salary than fat wages. He won't join a union; he rolls his own. The other day a big cheese of organized labor dished up a report about membership. They're still pulling strong with the horny-handed, but in the pen-pusher trades they're a flop. And they haven't caught enough store clerks yet to make a mess.

"The answer is a squeeze play and a freezeout. Capital raises the ante on the cost of living, and Labor says, 'I'll see that and boost it five fish.' In what four-letter word does the shoe-clerk get his? Do you blame him for wearing a shock absorber on his Adam's apple?

"Suppose I'm one of these high stool boys down there in the big town. Make out there's forty bones in the envelope when the ghost takes his Saturday stroll. But I've got to live in a white collar dump and when the landlord says how much it'll be, I think he's telling me the population of Chi The butcher and the grocer and the shoe man fall on us with shrieks of girlish glee. We think we'll get by somehow but Clarence sprouts a flock of adenoids and little Emmaline's teeth will have to be straightened if she's ever going to be the red-hot mamma of Two Hundred and Seventh Street. Th bubbles will show where we are sunk. The fra decides to make that old brown thing do for anoth giddy whirl and I drape myself with an overco that was the spiffy thing in 1915.

"If I can hold out three berries on friend wi for carfare and eats I think I'm John D. Crœsu At noon downtown I kid my interior on a twer cent check at a soda fountain. Do I nibble a cracker all chummy with structural iron workers. Don't make me laugh and spill my malted milk! Those dregs of humanity park on the soft side of a plank and lap up a dollar's worth of chow out of a can.

"I make a noise like a raise, but the boss is saving his coupons for a Nile green limousine and he's got a tin ear. He knows he can ankle over to the window and yodel and get plenty more where I came from. He couldn't high-hat a plasterer that way, but he's got me shaded. All the starch I wear is what's jabbing me in the tonsils."

"It's the chance to rise that counts," said Quigley, suiting the action to the word.

"That's mostly grape-jelly, Quig. Sometimes a pen-pusher crashes through to the big glass-covered desk with the push-buttons to play tunes on, but these birds are about as common as three-toed sloths on Main Street. The poor fish who sits at the wrong end of a buzzer is going to have more soap than hope in his young life. The guy who keeps a steam laundry will never keep a steam yacht."

"Well, it's a hard world," said the departing bookkeeper.

"Like collars," added Elmer. "Hard, soft and semi-soft."

FELIX RAY.

A Country Cottage

Than this, there is no wiser funeral:
To choose a box with windows and with doors
Planted above the ground and to forestall
The peace of death, aware of it as yours.

When you set your garden with calendulas,
They are flesh of your flesh and bear you to the sun.
And all the multifarious life that was
Is quieted in this death you have begun.

And it takes so little room to lie in peace,
So little motion to contain content;
And there comes so little change with your decease,
So little difference to the firmament.

WITTER BYNNER.

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Stravinsky

THE performance of Petrushka at the Metropolitan though brilliantly designed and admirably danced, ɜemed to excite only rather a perfunctory applause the pening night. The composer appeared before the curtain nd the clapping was politely prolonged but one had the ɜeling that it lacked spontaneity—especially when one ard the resounding salvos which greeted Pagliacci afterrds. The occasion thus unfortunately contributed to the ıewhat unsatisfactory impression produced by Mr. Stravy's visit. In this case, the blame is probably to be laid ıe stupidity and torpor of the opera subscribers, many hom did not arrive in their seats till the ballet was r over and who gave no signs of realizing that they being honored by one of the most distinguished of ; composers. The disappointing effect of the Philharnic concerts may be ascribed partially to a similar disaffection on the part of the concert patrons and partially to the fact that Mr. Stravinsky turns out to conduct his own works on the whole rather less vigorously and vividly than we have been accustomed to hearing them conducted by others. But the really fatal feature of the Stravinsky visit seems to have been the comparative failure of the two new compositions—the octuor and the piano concerto—performed here for the first time.

The present writer heard only the piano concerto and is, in any case, not competent to judge music, but there seems to appear in these works a tendency plainly recognizable as analogous to the tendency in poetry and fiction which he noted in these pages a few weeks ago: that is, the dissatisfaction of modern artists with the emotions and materials of their own time and their attempt to supply the deficiency by falling back on the artistic forms of the past, as if by reproducing the form they could recapture the feeling. Stravinsky had already had recourse to the eighteenth century in his Pulcinella suite, also played here: a rescoring of Pergolesi. And in his octuor and concerto he reproduces Händel and Bach: in the latter, the Bachesque development is finally broken up by momentary ragtime rhythms and fragments of sarcastic parody, just as Eliot interrupts his Elizabethan blank-verse with burlesques and music-hall refrains. It seems evident that Stravinsky, for the moment at least, is suffering from an undernourishment of the artistic imagination and that he has come to feel some such dissatisfaction as I have suggested with the food the modern world supplies. "The material of Bach's day," he told Mr. Paul Rosenfeld in an interview published in The Dial, "was, let us say, the size of this hall. The material of our day," and here he lifted the crooked head of his cane, "is about the size of this." In any case, his two new compositions so far failed to please the critics that they even tended to convey the impression that his old ones had been overrated: only Mr. Gilman keeping the fact of Stravinsky's genius conspicuously before the public.

Yet, admitting that these last two works of Stravinsky may exemplify the aridity and the fragmentariness which seem to endanger modern music, one has only to think of some of even the most eminent of his contemporaries to realize an enormous difference between Stravinsky and them. The recent concert of the International Composers' Guild supplies a striking subject for comparison: the extremely interesting program of this concert included the work of four characteristic moderns—Schoenberg, Satie, Eichheim and Varèse—all quite different from each other. Yet, each in his different way, conveyed, to the present writer at least, an unmistakable impression of bankruptcy. Of these four men, one—Varèse—is attempting to write the music of pure abstraction—the "geometry of sound"—and names his composition after the calculus; "for me," he says, "there is more musical fertility in the contemplation of the stars—preferably through a telescope—and the high poetry of certain mathematical expositions than in the most sublime gossip of human passions." Another—Eichheim—has resolved to abandon all the conventions of European music and to master the idiom of the Orient: "I have in my note-books," he tells us, "more than two thousand themes collected in the Far East." A third—Satie—is content with little parodies—ironic rather than gay—lasting only half a minute each. And the fourth—Schoenberg—working still with the conventional material of romantic music, with the personal emotions—shows us that there is nothing left of these emotions but a sifting of ashes. One felt, after the concert, about these composers, in spite of all their courage and distinction, that their material was indeed inescapably only the size of their canes and that their artificial attempts to enlarge it had not filled the place of organic growth. One had the impression that one blast of Stravinsky—even from the piano concerto—would have been enough to blow them all away.

For Stravinsky is one of the few modern artists who has really made effective use of the material of his time. Two elements in particular which modern musicians have made much ado about introducing into their works appear in Stravinsky most naturally and with their greatest artistic success: I mean machinery and jazz. His preoccupation with mechanical effects seems to have manifested itself not as a deliberate resolution to put modern machines into music, as in the case of Honegger's locomotive or Varèse's symphonies of street sounds: the mechanical bird of Le Rossignol, the mechanical puppets of Petrushka, these are merely the properties of fairy tales, which Stravinsky has chosen to emphasize—not, like Marinetti's "bruiteurs," the conscious attempt to put into practice the theories of modernist manifestoes. Similarly, Stravinsky's jazz is not as a rule like that of, say, Darius Milhaud, a systematic interjection into his work of themes gleaned from American phonograph records: it seems an original rhythm heard first from the inside instead of from the outside. You will recognize Russian folk-songs in Stravinsky but not Gershwin or Irving Berlin; yet the folk-songs will have been energized and syncopated by Stravinsky's own personal pulse and accent into something analogous to jazz: the village band in Renard is Russian and supposed to skip its notes by accident but the extraordinary rousing and elliptic effect it produces, which is not in the least reminiscent of Paul Whiteman, seems to arise unmistakably from a similar impulse to that which has produced popular jazz. The work of Stravinsky's which appears to remind its hearers most strongly of both jazz and machinery—Le Sacre du Printemps—has ostensibly nothing to do with either but is supposed by its creator merely to represent a fertility rite of prehistoric Russia. It has been Stravinsky's glory to realize in works of art of compelling emotion and fascinating imagination that musical expression of the Zeitgeist which with his contemporaries has remained largely theoretical.

This emotion, this imagination, have a peculiarly personal flavor: one could not even mistake a scenario of Stravinsky's for a scenario of anyone's else. Petrushka, Renard, Histoire

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d'un Soldat—all these stories illustrate the peculiar cynicism, invigorating rather than dispiriting, which gives sharp edges to his music. Even in his early days, when he had to write a fairy tale, instead of choosing some charming sleepy old king, as his master, Rimsky-Korsakov had done for Le Coq d'Or, he seized upon, for L'Oiseau de Feu, the bristling figure of Koshkei the Deathless, that horrible immortal ogre with his untrimmed beard and his talon-like claws, who can only be put beyond mischief when the egg which contains his life is broken. But this is the thorny rind to a sound core. The whole-hearted blare of the village band balances the ferocious rasping of Renard, as the dryness of the puppets in Petrushka is offset by the tremendous gaiety of the street-fair; and the puppet at the end of the play proves to have possessed a soul after all, as we feel that the love which is forfeited by the hero of Histoire d'un Soldat and the art which he sells to the Devil have a real value attached to them.

What is important, of course, however, is his musical treatment of these fables. That Stravinsky felt at one time the influence of Wagner is abundantly evident in the early Scherzo Fantastique played at one of his concerts here, which is full of Wagnerian themes; but, unlike that other dramatic composer Strauss, he did not follow up the Wagnerian formula. Where Strauss took to writing musical novels in which every incident and detail of the story was given its explicit musical equivalent, Stravinsky tended rather to large musical ideas which, though they seem appropriately connected with their stories, have a real and complete artistic existence independent of their program. Much of Strauss is either what the program says it is or it is nothing; but Stravinsky's Sacre du Printemps, for example, produces its astonishing dramatic effect whether we know what is supposed to be happening or not. "I have not the same feeling," he explains in the interview already quoted, "against what is purely anecdotal as against what is either picturesque or literary. I feel there is a difference, and I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that certain bits of the Sacre have an anecdotal interest. But not picturesque." So Stravinsky's ballets, on the whole, seem artistically more impressive than Strauss's tone-poems because they seem to have been imagined completely in terms of their own art.

Nonetheless, Stravinsky seems preëminently a dramatic composer: with him the ballet has reached what is probably so far its highest point of artistic importance. And one is almost tempted to believe that, if his recent works are less successful than one expects from him, that may have something to do with the fact that they are not written for the stage. On the other hand, his enforced exile from Russia, his long divorce from the Russian material upon which most of his best work has been based, may have had the effect of making his vein run dry. In any case, he does not strike one as the kind of artist likely suddenly to go bankrupt: it is too difficult to imagine the permanent fading of so deeply stained a personality or the permanent lapsing of such energy. Acrid, irritable, nervous as he is, he yet gives an impression of robustness; full of the strain and pressure of the time, he is nonetheless not hysterical. He does not capitulate to the rhythms of the machines and attempt to imitate them: he opposes to them rhythms of his own, the rhythms of titanic dances. He owns a power-house himself and he is in a different line of business. He is the artist, not as victim, but as master.

EDMUND WILSON.

Washington Notes

NOT in a long time have we had in Washington as revealing a week as the one that recently ended with the final adjournment of the Senate and the induction into office of John G. Sargent as Attorney-General. One thing revealed was the character and fibre of the new Senate which is to function all through the next session of Congress. Those two Warren votes did more to make plain the real forces and factors in that body and more clearly disclosed the temper and type of its members than could ordinarily have been gained in months of close observation.

To the discerning it is crystal-clear where is lodged control of this Senate and who constitutes the balance of power. That rôle has distinctly passed from La Follette and his little group to Borah and his little group. Any analysis of the vote, just as any interpretation of the debate, compels the conclusion that the real leader of the Senate in the next session is Borah. There is no possible escape from this deduction. It is the one logical and outstanding development of that final week about which there can be no question.

Look at the facts—in the last Senate the Democrats and La Follette following when tightly cemented together composed a bare but controlling majority. In this Senate, that combination falls short by at least five votes. The only other foot-loose, free lance, independent, devil-may-care Senate group is composed of Borah and the handful of so-called Republicans who more or less habitually follow him. These include Norris, Howells, Johnson, McMaster, Norbeck and Couzens. With this little force added to the Democrats and Progressives there is a clear controlling combination. With this little force on the Republican side, the administration control is equally decisive. The thing hinges wholly on Borah, who is entirely and completely uncontrolled, either by party ties or precedents. He is as apt to swing to one side as he is to the other. He was the real backbone of the Warren fight. Without him, the fight would not have been made, and without him it certainly could not have been won. These conceded facts make the future one of complete uncertainty.

One sure thing that has been revealed is that the Coolidge administration has not in itself the strength to control, which fact has caused a certain shiver of apprehension to run through the ranks of the business and financial Babbitts, who have been so smugly assuring each other that "when the new Congress comes in, the Mellon bill, in all its pristine beauty, will fly through House and Senate like a bird on the wing." Maybe so, "but," that 46 to 39 Warren rejection seems to say, "not without losing a lot of tail feathers on the way through."

However, now we have started this subject of revelations, we might as well continue on through and admit that the really vital thing revealed in the Warren fight was not the potentialities of the Borah leadership, not the inability of the Republican machine to control, not even the rottenness of Mr. Warren's record or the extreme weakness of the Republican membership, when the Borah group is subtracted. The really vital revelation was in the calibre and character of Calvin Coolidge.

His journalistic supporters of one type or another and for one reason or another will continue to cling to their

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professed belief in his goodness, strength and wisdom. The business element which supported him with such enthusiastic solidity last November will continue to regard him as a great man, although the suspicion is seeping around among them that perhaps he is a little weak in spots, and recent events have caused them to swallow rather nervously as they think of the future. Still, they have to maintain their position or confess to having been completely fooled. The Mayflower publicists and broadcasters will continue to anoint, glorify and protect. That is all part of the game, but, so far as those here in Washington in a position to know how the facts about this fight are concerned, there is no more mystery about Mr. Coolidge. They have his number.

No longer, in the unclouded and informed minds of observers here, in and out of the Senate, will there be uncertainty or doubt as to whether Mr. Coolidge is or is not a man of great reserve force. No more will anyone here wonder whether that mummy manner and funereal face mask real tenacity of purpose, inflexible determination and indomitable courage. They saw him in the test and know better. The light shed on him during this, his first fight, was sufficiently revealing to eliminate all semblance of presidential fear from every senatorial bosom, and fill the irreverent with glee over the accuracy of their assertions that there is nothing back of the mask that spells power.

One old Republican senator said to me a few days ago, as we reminiscently talked of the defeat and its results, "He just does not pack the punch. If you give him a couple of months to make up his mind, and the subject is not too complex, he can come to a fairly sound conclusion, but if he has to act quickly and meet a crisis he takes the advice of those who see him last."

In this case, it was Warren who had the last word with him. Ensconsed in the White House, it was Warren who insisted on the second nomination, and Warren who got the President to put out the recess appointment threat, both moves very strongly advised against by Curtis, advised in turn by Butler and other senators with whom he conferred.

In the management of his fight, Mr. Coolidge showed neither courage, conviction nor resourcefulness. He querulously criticized the men who were making the battle for him, failed to consult them at critical times, miscalculated his own strength, underestimated that of the opposition, neglected to do the things that might have gained him votes, and did certain other things that drove votes away. There is neither bias nor exaggeration in the statement that as a fighter he is a failure. It isn't his forte.

The facts about that recess appointment statement are perhaps as illuminating as any other single incident of the whole business and they have not heretofore been printed. I am told that when, on Saturday morning, Curtis and Butler told the President the second nomination was certain to be rejected by at least a majority of five, both Mr. Coolidge and Warren gave up the fight.

The President discussed with them Sargent's name, and even gave them a sort of biographical sketch of the man. It was also discussed with Senator Dale. The idea was that, when the senators returned to the Capitol, they would sound out a few men as to whether the new man would be confirmed. Of course in five minutes the news was all over the Chamber and half an hour later an Associated Press dispatch mentioning Sargent and Swan as possible new nominees was taken in to the President in his office, where he sat with Warren.

Both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Warren, I am told, were greatly perturbed. They had given up the fight, but the vote was not to be taken before Monday and the publication that a new name was being considered made it appear the President had not only quit the field and accepted defeat before he was actually defeated, but had abandoned Warren before he had had his defense made in the Senate. Actually, that was about the situation, but to have let those facts go to the public, cold and unchallenged, would certainly have put both the President and his candidate in a position of extreme mortification and humiliation. The presidential face had to be saved and Mr. Warren's sensibilities salved. Hence the White House statement was issued declaring that no new names had been considered and that, if rejected again, the President would offer Mr. Warren a recess appointment.

It can be imagined with what rage this announcement was received by Mr. Coolidge's Senate supporters, who had spread the news of the new names being considered. They nearly blew up and for a day at least there was almost complete estrangement between Mr. Coolidge and the party leaders upon whom he relied to make his fight. It was not until Sunday night that things got wholly straight again between Mr. Coolidge and Senator Curtis.

Of course, in the end, the recess appointment and its declination by Mr. Warren was used as the only way out of a bad situation. It enabled the President and Warren to exchange wholly misleading and completely disingenuous letters, which, however, only thinly veil the fact that the defeat was as stinging a rebuke as has been given a President of the United States in years.

In the days that followed, Mr. Coolidge's querulousness was most pronounced. He exhibited it, I am told, to the correspondents at the regular White House conferences, and in various ways to the White House force. The unruffled serenity, so often referred to by his editorial worshippers, was conspicuously absent. There is little doubt that, in Mr. Sargent, the President has picked something unique in the way of Attorney-Generals. He gives every evidence of being what Senator Carraway calls a "character," but exactly what sort of an official he will make cannot now be told.

On a "seniority" basis, the choice for Attorney-General, of course, would have been Solicitor-General James W. Beck. When you ask the supposedly initiated why he was not named, this is the reply, "Well, you see, Beck is from New York, and so is Charlie Hilles. They are saving Hilles to take Weeks's place when he goes out, which will be in a little while now, and it won't do to have too many Cabinet members from New York. Besides, Beck probably would prefer an ambassadorship."

That is an interesting but certainly unsatisfactory explanation from Mr. Beck's point of view. This makes the second time he has been passed over when, as Acting Attorney-General, his appointment to the Attorney-Generalship was indicated and expected. I would not be at all surprised to see him quit in disgust.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The "Sponge" Theory of Population

SIR: When Mr. Ezra Bowen, in the January 7 issue of the New Republic, states the rule as being that the size of a population is checked by the height of the standard of living, one finds it easy to go along with him and indeed to approve of such a state of affairs as being a good one. It is better that only a million people should live, and live well as befits human beings, than that two million should lead a joyless life. But when Mr. Bowen remarks that "given conditions of existence will soak up and hold just so much population" and gives as examples the dependence of ants, and birds, and fishes, on the existence of an adequate food supply, one finds one's self growing impatient with him for so complacently refusing to make distinctions, where distinctions are of such importance. Are the "conditions of existence" determined and limited in the same way for men as they are for animals? And is it true that the population at any given time represents the total population that could possibly exist at the prevailing average standard of living and the given "conditions of existence"? Surely this is true only in the sense in which it can be said that whatever is, is the only thing possible, since whatever factors prevented prevailing conditions from being different, made those different conditions impossible. It is evident that this interpretation of what is possible is merely a blanket endorsement of the already accomplished fact, leaving out entirely the unknown possibilities in things. And in no other sense can it be said that "the sponge" is always soaked to capacity.

The very same issue in which Mr, Bowen's article appeared, contains an editorial in which is pointed out one way by which the productivity of industry could be increased and, hence, a larger population made possible. But this is only one; there is no lack of detailed descriptions and lists of statistics to prove that about 70 percent of our labor is wasted, as far as the creation of real use-value is concerned. How much more population could our "conditions of existence" soak up, then, if while doing the same amount of work exactly, we, by some miracle of common sense, arranged it so that all our work was expended in useful channels only? It isn't that Nature would have to be more generous, or any new inventions have to be made, or even more people put to work—all that would be necessary would be a realignment of energy such as any intelligent individual would effect as soon as he saw that he was wasting his efforts. The rub is that there is no force available just now that is both adequate to control society and at the same time is itself controlled (or directed) by people concerned with the good of society in the same way that the mind of an individual is concerned with the good of that individual. The creation of such a force and its direction by such people is the next step in the process of civilization; and the possibility of its creation, renders entirely inadequate any "sponge" theory of population.

MORTON LEVIN.

Help Reëlect Judge Lindsey

SIR: Your readers will be interested to learn that Judge Ben B. Lindsey of the Juvenile Court in Denver is slated for political assassination. His offense consists in having incurred the displeasure of machine politicians in that city. We all know what qualities a man must possess in order to get machine endorsement. Here is a man accredited with having directly saved 40,000 boys and girls of that city alone and indirectly thousands throughout the United States. Something of his work has been given to the public through the pages of Physical Culture Magazine in recent numbers. Politically Judge Lindsey is progressive. He is ever an ardent supporter of free discussion. As a lawyer in private practice, his income would certainly be ample, for the man has unusual ability; but as a public servant, his salary is $4,000. His recent campaign for rëelection cost him $2,400. Some campaigns have cost him $10,000. It was necessary to draft a judge from another town to make the run against him. Because Lindsey is above price, he must go. His election is contested and plans laid to "get" him one way or another. Judge Lindsey, with his wife who assists in his public labor, lives in moderate circumstances like the rest of us and finds himself unable to expend large sums to retain his office. The proposed unseating of Lindsey is merely a part of the big conspiracy, so obvious during the last campaign and since, to permit in office only such men as will stay hitched. Here is work for all of us. It is extremely difficult to elect progressive men; it is a calamity after having done so to see them deprived of office and their services lost to us. Can't we each spare something to keep this country free and straight? Surely everyone of us can spare a dollar and if sent now, it will do as much good as two after too late. Remit direct to Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Juvenile Court, Denver, Colo.

HENRY W. CALDWELL.

Medical Lake, Wash.

Organic Education

SIR: The attitude of the New Republic has always been so liberal toward educational experiments that I am taking the liberty of writing to ask your coöperation at this time.

There are many people in New York City who know of the experiment called Organic Education which Mrs. Marietta L. Johnson has undertaken at Fairhope, Alabama. She has been solely responsible, not only for the initiation, but also for the continuance of this School of Organic Education. In the course of seventeen years she has inspired many individuals and organizations.

In order to form of this scattered body of liberal-minded folk, a working group which may strengthen and spread the work Mrs. Johnson has been doing almost single-handed, it is important that names and addresses of these organizations and individuals be gathered into one list at some given place. With this in mind, a few women, personally connected with the school through their children, have undertaken to compile such a catalogue.

Will any organizations or individuals who know of Mrs. Johnson and her educational experiment please send name and address to Mrs. D. E. Andrews, 509 West 122nd Street, New York?

ELLA WESTCOTT ANDREWS.

New York, N. Y.

"A House of Prayer for All People"

SIR: Doubtless many others along with me will feel a special sense of indebtedness to you for the almost brutal frankness of your editorial concerning Bishop Manning's Cathedral. The egotism of our friends of the Protestant Episcopal Church is so naive that they are unaware that it is also colossal. They need to be shown. Nobody talks so much as they of Christian unity—and does so little. Their presuppositions as to ordination and the sacraments are such as to forbid any effective coöperation with them on the part of other communions. It is but rarely and grudgingly that any minister of another church is admitted to one of their pulpits, and then on the tacit assumption that he is not really a minister, only a layman. Practically all other evangelical communions are on easy terms with each other. They exchange members and even ministers with a minimum of fuss over re-baptism, reordination, credal commitments and the like. They not only recognize the Christians of other churches but the churches of other Christians. Our Episcopalian friends manage the first of these achievements, but balk flat at the second.

In view of which fact, it is nothing short of fraud for them to dragoon the public into contributing for the building of a great church on the plea that it is to be a "house of God for all the people." They know, and we know, that it will not be.

GEORGE B. WINTON.

Paducah, Ky.

Pegasus Pied

SIR: I am interested in the tests of poetry judging explained in your issue of January 7. Many years ago I wrote a letter to the Masses, having a little fun with their free verse poetry. I suggested a test to them, that they should take some piece of free verse which they were about to publish, and which their editorial board agreed was worth-while poetry; that instead of publishing it in the free verse fashion, they should publish it as prose and then invite their readers to divide it up into lines of poetry as the readers thought proper, and offer a prize to any reader who should succeed in dividing it up in the same way as the poet had done. The Masses published this letter but did not make the test.

I should like to see the New Republic try it. Take some one of those masterpieces which you occasionally publish from the pen of Miss Amy Lowell—you may safely offer a very large prize, for you will never be called upon to pay it!

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

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Is Zat So?

Is Zat So? a comedy by James Gleason and Robert Taber. At Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theatre.

MUSICAL Irish from crosstown motormen and cops, the homely burr of Iowa in the lobbies of the Waldorf, soft r's from the cloak-and-suit men around Twenty-third Street, a phrase or two of mincing grease-paint English on Broadway, an occasional New England "a" heard chez Nedick, the mongrel dialects of Astoria, Newark, Yonkers in the first balcony, just plain American twanging at the dress-goods counter, and behind all these, overshadowing all these, the rich, tough and friendly inflection of New York, of Toyd and Seccanavnya, of the streets nearest the two rivers, of the gas houses, and the dim corners under the elevated. You may be all kinds of a hundred percent American, but you'll find this lingo isn't yours to speak unless you're born to it. You'd do better to tackle Castilian or Viennese or Montmartrois or Esperanto with Mr. Berlitz. You may be every inch a New Yorker too, and know the slang and think you can hand out the local back-talk and ride the natives in their own woids. But the words are *nothing—if you haven't got the accent, the aggressive,* sarcastic inflection, the peculiar drop-curve and upshoot in the voice, rough, angry, friendly at bottom, you're just another stranger.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "do you know what a stoic is?" "Why, sure, dat's the boid what brings de goils." And that's about as much of New Yoik's language as one can put on paper. On paper it's nothing. The words, the juicy original slang phrases, are nothing without the voice that speaks them naturally. When you run across a real, natural New York voice, you stop and listen, completely fascinated, no matter what the voice is saying. A little of this has got into the theatre from time to time, but only in fragments. Now at last a brilliant team, James Gleason and Robert Armstrong, have given us the real article. For rich, native humor their dialogue is the best thing in the theatre for a long, long while, and Is Zat So? if it could be collapsed into the too brief moments when one of those two, or both together, are talking, would be a play to see again and again.

The play itself is too complicated, and quite feeble. A young fighter from the gas-house district (Armstrong) and his manager (Gleason) are on their uppers. They meet up with the scion of a rich house. The scion's sister is married to a crook, but the goods are not yet on him. The fighters wonder where they have seen him before. The servants of this wealthy house having left, brother appoints the gas-house boys butler and second man. There is a nurse—for the boxer, and a pretty stenographer—for his manager. Some time later we see the family at breakfast, plus small boy, by now devoted to the manager, whom he calls Uncle Hap. Enter rich friend. A fight is arranged between Armstrong and rich friend's chauffeur. Heavy bets between friend and crook husband. Later: the house all set for the fight. Thin fringe of society audience. Gong. Third round. Crooked husband offers Armstrong big money to throw the fight. Indignant refusal. But in the middle of the round Armstrong in a flash remembers where he has seen husband before, stares, uncovers his chin, and takes the count from an inferior opponent. Foul play! The rich scion thinks he has been double-crossed, the boys' explanations are misunderstood, and exeunt in disgrace. In the last act Armstrong has won the world's light-weight championship, the mistake is explained, the nurse and the stenographer say yes, and the crook is beaten up—off stage.

But when the play is over one remembers almost nothing of all this, and the impression one takes away is only that of two gorgeous characters and their language. The lasting impression, for all the plot-weaving that comes after it, is that of the first scene, with Armstrong and Gleason alone in the street under an arc-light, sore, down and out, and their first mutual recriminations—

Is Zat So?
IS ZAT SO!
Ye-ah, that's SO!

These are, here and throughout, the best lines of the play. Their utterly foolish and meaningless appearance in print is the highest testimonial to the genius of the actors, who have invented, for this simple libretto, a wonderful score, a magically rhythmic and subtle and memorable pattern of inflection. Almost any boob can whistle an aria from an opera he has just heard, but one wanders about for days with Gleason and Armstrong's accent almost, but not quite in one's ears, tantalized, straining, maddeningly unable to recapture it. Those who have seen and enjoyed this play are a little brotherhood apart; they exclaim upon meeting, *Is ZAT so? over and over again, in every different tone* of voice, never getting it quite right, but always laughing as at a particularly happy memory.

There is nothing else quite as good as these three words, but there are a lot of other good things. Nearly all the remarks that pass between Gleason and Armstrong are somehow unaccountably funny. Half the time they would be just as funny if we didn't hear what they said, and only the curiously aggressive, telescoped whine of the gas-house reached our ears. But they are also well worth looking at, with very neat, sudden gestures and postures to accompany the words, whether angry, nervous, pleading or merely conversational. The silly plot, which drags in so many other people and sub-plots we'd just as soon be without, places these two in situations highly vulnerable to mere low-comedy or exaggeration, but Gleason and Armstrong always manage something original. Just the sight of the boxer in his footman's livery, shuffling about so far from the ring with his gloveless hands awkwardly and harmlessly swinging at his side; just the sound that Gleason makes when in the middle of a Fourteenth-street comeback he remembers he is a butler, are worth going a long way to see.

They speak a language common to both of them. It is a real language, not a dialect, because each uses it in his own way, and keeps his words and accent true to his own characters. They had models from actual life to learn it from, yet it seems too much part of them to have been learnt. And at the same time it is something more than the language used by the unselfconscious native New Yorker, something sharper, more alive, not just a borrowing of picturesque slang, nor burlesque, nor even a good caricature, but more like the portrait of a language by a sensitive artist who knew what to underline and when not to emphasize too much, who knew, above all, that the personality of a language lives in its delicate and raw and unlearnable inflections.

To those who have seen Gleason and Armstrong and say it's nothing remarkable, I answer, Is ZAT so? and if they don't come back in an accent just as foreign, just as broken, but unmistakably imitative of something we have both heard, with Ye-ah, That's SO! it simply proves they missed the point entirely.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Psyche's Task

Tantalus, or the Future of Man, by F. C. S. Schiller. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

The Greek View of Life, by G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

DR. SCHILLER'S message is quite simple and, on its destructive side, difficult to refute; but if a cheerful optimism is the keynote of American thought it is hardly likely to be popular in America. His book is the third effort of contemporary intellect to sum up the present position of scientific faith and promise; and the vision which scintillated in Haldane's Daedalus, spluttered in Russell's Icarus, here seems to give but the afterglow and odor of a partial snuffing.

Briefly what Dr. Schiller tells us is this: man, biologically speaking, ceased to be a progressive species thirty thousand years ago; Cro-Magnon man was physically finer than any succeeding race, his average height was six feet three and his brain one-sixth bigger than modern man's. Since his day we have made no improvement at all apart from a doubtful increase in immunity from disease. The cause of this is man's ascendancy over natural environment, which has atrophied the working of natural selection; and the only reason why man has not long ago become extinct is that by the inventions of his brain, and especially language and writing, he has found means to conserve the achievements of each generation, and to build battlements and bastions on the foundations of his remotest ancestors. He has thus fortified himself against the inevitable process whereby human institutions get clogged with the waste products of their own working: but two factors have shaken his defences and endangered his future. First:

> Science has exposed the palæolithic savage masquerading in modern garb to a series of physical and mental shocks which have endangered his equilibrium. It has also enormously extended his power and armed him with a variety of delicate and penetrating instruments which have often proved edged tools in his hands and which the utmost wisdom could hardly be trusted to use aright. Under these conditions the fighting instinct ceases to be an antiquated foible, like the hunting instinct, and becomes deadly danger. Second: vital statistics show that the ultimate reward of merit is sterilization, and society appears to be an organization devoted to the suicidal task of extirpating any ability it may chance to contain, by draining it away from any stratum, in which it may occur, promoting it into the highest, and there destroying it.

Not only has no way been found to combat the dysgenic distribution of high and low birthrates, but every advance in medicine, humanitarianism and sanitation is dysgenic in that it saves the weaker stocks from destruction and permits them to breed, which they do with a rapidity out of all proportion to the meagre birthrate of the highly intelligent. Only two possible results can follow, the violent destruction of the human race by war or "its gradual decay as its arts and sciences slowly fossilize, or peter out, in an overwhelming flood of feeblemindedness."

What then has Dr. Schiller to offer us? First he suggests a direct frontal attack on the palæolithic Yahoo, to try and bring about his moral reformation "if the Yahoo could be really Christianized, he would at any rate cease to cut his own throat in cutting his neighbor's," but, he adds with pessimism, "I wish I could believe it likely that this policy would be tried." His second suggestion is eugenics and the reader feels that the word is little more than the name of an idol invoked in a mood of desperation; for Dr. Schiller as far as one can judge gets no more out of it than the old lady got out of that blessed word "Mesopotamia"—at least he gives us no more. The truth is that at present eugenics is merely a modern synonym for the elixir of life, clearly desirable in theory and worth searching for, but likely to make the searcher look as foolish now as in the middle ages, though far less picturesque.

Indeed we must turn to the new edition of Lowes Dickinson's exquisite work to find a practical guide to eugenics, for Sparta remains our best example of a state where eugenics conditioned existence; if the reader thinks it possible to reproduce among ourselves the ideas of Sparta, then the study of the elixir of life in its modern form has passed from the stage of alchemy to that of chemistry.

> The production and rearing of children instead of being left to the caprice of individuals, was controlled and regulated by the state. The women, in the first place, were trained by physical exercise for the healthy performance of the duties of motherhood; they were taught to run and wrestle naked, like the youths, to dance and sing in public, and to associate freely with the men. Marriage was permitted only in the prime of life; and a free intercourse outside its limits, between healthy men and women, was encouraged and approved by public opinion. Men who did not marry were subject to social and civic disabilities. The children, as soon as they were born, were submitted to the elders of their tribes; if strong and well formed, they were reared; if not, they were allowed to die. At the age of seven the boys were taken away from the charge of their parents, and put under the superintendence of a public official. . . . Nothing was omitted, on the moral or physical side, to make them efficient members of a military state. The whole city was a camp. Family life was obliterated by public activity.

That is engenics: repeatedly tried in history by various communities and often successfully for a time; but what ultimately happens is illustrated by the fate of Sparta:

> The constitution devised for a small state encamped amidst a hostile population broke down under the weight of imperial power—the power and wealth she had won at a stroke, alienated her sons from her discipline. Generals and statesmen who had governed like kings the wealthy cities of the east, were unable to adapt themselves again to the stern and narrow rules of Lycurgus. They rushed into freedom and enjoyment, into the unfettered use of their powers, with an energy proportional to their previous restraint. The features of the human face broke through the fair but lifeless mask of ancient law; and the Spartan, ceasing to be a Spartan, both rose and fell to the level of a man.

The trouble with the eugenist is that he forgets that we too have risen and fallen to the level of a man; he fails to see that the communities that refuse to have anything to do with public ownership of the means of

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production—of railroads, of land or mines—are not likely to consider more favorably the public ownership of the means, emotional or physical, of reproduction, of children, of women and of parenthood. We may of course fall and rise to be Spartan Robots but except perhaps in Russia the process does not seem likely for many generations.

So Dr. Schiller offers us nothing but a pious ejaculation tied to the end of a terrible threat. Those who feel uncomfortable at the pessimism of modern science cannot do better than read or reread The Greek View of Life for it will stimulate them to wonder what life is for, a problem which gets far less attention than it deserves; for while scientific thought about the control of life is at present so destitute of all real hope, it is best, rather than yield to the temptation of alchemy, to consider the æsthetic problems of how to make life, as it is, worth living. That was the problem solved by the Greeks and it has too frequently been taken for granted that their solution and ours should be the same, that though we may not succeed, at least we ought to try to progress along the same lines. Especially is that so with regard to the relation between state and individual; we like to believe that the man and the citizen can be fused into a single complex of virtues; is that so?

> The conclusion appears to be [says Lowes Dickinson] that the fusion of public and private life which was involved in the ideal of the Greek citizen, was a passing phase in the history of the world; that the state can never occupy again the place in relation to the individual which it held in the cities of the ancient world; and that an attempt to identify in a modern state the ideal of the man with that of the citizen, would be an historical anachronism.

This sentence seems to challenge so much of current thought that it deserves the closest investigation: but it is only one sentence from a most stimulating book.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES.

The Genius of Style

The Genius of Style, by W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

STYLE is the latest of Sleeping Beauties. If but awakened, this princess will have a beneficial effect on our literature, our art, our national life. But her castle is approached, in the present pages, over a circuitous route and through many a verbal thicket.

Mr. Brownell's concern with style is not in the mere interest of the penman. His early analogies are drawn, wisely enough, from the plastic and constructive arts: first, from the estimable métier of the tailor; next, from the art of the sculptor, by whom the human figure is moulded; rather later, from that of the architect. One regrets, indeed, that the very perceptive and serviceable pages on the practical identity, as regards essential style, between the best Greek and the best Gothic should not have found an earlier place. These points, however, will serve to make clear the approach—the initial phases of the path. Only much later on do we realize that the dominant concern, after all, is with American life, thought and society, and that his main object is ethical rather than æsthetic.

It is difficult to write of style without self-consciousness. Pater, Raleigh, the redoubtable Murry—not one quite escapes, and the latest champion least of all. Brambles spring up almost automatically under the feet of the stylist; and the reader, not unjustifiably occupied with the matter itself, has to cope with them as best he may. "Economy of attention," once held in some regard, becomes secondary, or is set aside. Strain sometimes ensues.

For Mr. Brownell the two chief facts of style are order and movement; or, expressed in terms slightly different, harmony and rhythm. In the mere matter of pen-plying, those two prized possessions of "rhetoric," clarity and simplicity, are severely put in their place; the former, in fact, seems to enjoy no higher status than that of stark human convenience. Simply as conditioning elements they scarcely have standing in court; no, they must be raised to the rank of constituting factors—clarity by being saturated with color, and simplicity by receiving a physiognomy as well as a silhouette. Order and movement—or harmony and rhythm—are best realized in the structure and the functioning of an organism. Not only in letters, but in art; not only in art and letters, but in life.

In the contemplation of our present national predicament, our author is of course strongly against the "natural" as opposed to the normal and the disciplined. He almost appears to meet half-way Mr. Irving Babbitt's "naturalistic dissolution of society." Too much of Rousseau, and too little of Edmund Burke—who, as Mr. Babbitt reminds us, saw "liberty" (our prized and boasted possession) as, after all, a nice adjustment between the throwing off of the outer control and the taking on of the inner. Mr. Babbitt has been taxed with calling for standards yet failing to declare them. Mr. Brownell undertakes to do this, in the interest of "an organic as distinguished from an anarchic civilization," and for the betterment of "an age bankrupt of homage." Style shall no longer serve us merely by its application to the arts; it shall be transferred to a higher and worthier service for life itself. We are to "invoke such simple æsthetic factors as order and rhythm and their organic synthesis to the end of emphasizing and aggrandizing the unity and, indeed, entity of whatever work the mind is concerned with . . . in whatever field of creation." Again: "The services of style to all our activities of art and life in contributing to them singleness, cogency, and charm tend in fact, as in logic, to become effective in proportion as the idea of style becomes one of our ideals." From this standpoint the vaunted "self-expression" of our day ranks no higher than a self-assertion that asserts nothing about the self except its "not particularly winsome existence" in a state of raw egoism.

Thus does Mr. Brownell, earnest and concerned, fastidious and finely-equipped, continue his labor of offering standards for a world in heedless flux. His the ungrateful task of holding up before a somewhat crass and self-satisfied people a cultural ideal. He asks the modern mob to appreciate, if it can, the advantageous functionings which may be performed by culture in a democracy, and to perceive, if it will, the beauties and decorums resident in order, harmony, and discipline. We are to turn our backs on the golden calf, as it seems, and lift our eyes to the brazen serpent. The calf is a symbol of wilfulness rather than of worldliness; and the serpent as much a symbol of taste as of wisdom. Yet here is probably one prophet and teacher the more who will fail to reach the people by primary impact. His thought is less difficult than his presentation of it. Style, as a wrapping for didacticism, merely produces complications. The few will hear, heed and rightfully praise, but perhaps only some popularizer—not too fine-grained—could give these worthy ideas the currency they deserve.

HENRY B. FULLER.

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American Political Theories

A History of American Political Theories, by C. E. Merriam. New York: the Macmillan Company. $4.

THIS volume is a reprint of a book first published some twenty years ago. It is simply a reprint; and it remains, fairly emphatically, the outcome of a school to which Professor Merriam's later work seems to show he does not, at least unconsciously, belong. It is accurate, learned, and judicious. But it represents, I believe, a mistaken ideal in scholarship. For it attempts to analyze the history of political ideas in themselves. It conveys the notion of them as timeless; and it hardly examines, except in an incidental and perfunctory way, the circumstances, particularly the economic circumstances, to which they owed their rise. That was, if I may say so, the outstanding defect of the late Professor Dunning's work. With all his learning, the method he adopted gave the reader little or no sense of the movement of ideas. He was unable to see why the idea was born when it was born. He was not shown either its ancestry or its progeny. He was given a list of names, and taught to associate ideas with those names. But he was given no notion of their relativity; and in so pragmatic a thing as political philosophy, where every writer is, in fact, an autobiographer, it is above all the relativity that makes judgment possible.

One misses, accordingly, in this book certain fundamental things. Few people, for instance, would guess from a reading of it how profoundly American thought from John Adams to The Federalist impressed and altered European ideas. Yet its influence on men like Sieyès and Cordorcet is outstanding. One misses, too, mention of some of the books which, in their turn, profoundly affected American thinkers; of which the outstanding instances are Harrington's Oceana and Blackstone's Commentaries. The impress of the first is written all over The Federalist, particularly in those parts of it for which Madison was responsible; and Blackstone, as is well known, sold even more largely in America, at least until the Revolution, than he did in England. There is also, I believe, error in emphasis. John Taylor of Carolina is undoubtedly a man of the second rank; but he was the intellectual ancestor of Calhoun, and Calhoun was the predominant influence upon the minds of those who battled for state-sovereignty in the German Empire which Sedan made possible. He discusses The Federalist, but he does not discuss John Marshall who not only made The Federalist practical politics, but may in some sort claim to be the parent of Australian federalism. He says practically nothing of early American Socialism, apart from a reference to the inanities of Fitzhugh; yet Frances Wright and Fitzler and Albert Brisbane show, what has never been sufficiently emphasized, that until the Civil War, the United States was, so to say, in the midstream of European thought. And a reference to Robert Owen would not have been undeserved.

In a sense, perhaps, it is unfair to criticize the last chapter of the book, since Professor Merriam has amply repaired its defects in a later volume. But its substance illustrates so excellently the weakness of the method involved that it is perhaps fair to use it. He points out that writers like Willoughby, Woolsey, and Burgess all insisted that "the duty of the state is not and cannot be limited to the protection of individual interests, but must be regarded as extending to acts for the advancement of the general welfare in all cases where it can safely act." Of this two things may be said. As stated, it tells us little or nothing, since the one real item of disagreement is the problem of when such action is in fact safe; in the form used above, men like Adam Smith, Nassau Senior and McCulloch, who are usually regarded as the high priests of laissez-faire, would not have hesitated to agree with it. The real point in this view is that it is uttered in a time when the Supreme Court was insisting upon a highly individualistic theory of society; and when, a little later, Mr. Justice Holmes came to protest against it, he stood for many years alone. The view so urged, I believe, has nothing to do with American conditions at all. It is due to the fact that the authors concerned all accepted the theory that the sovereignty of the state was unlimited and that accordingly, as a matter of theory, it was impossible to set bounds to its actions; it was not built upon the realization that, after the Civil War, the vast growth of American industrialism made the control of business enterprise essential if a well-ordered commonwealth was to develop. It was the use of the Fourteenth Amendment in labor legislation, and of the injunction against the trade unions, which made possible things like the Colorado strike; and the revelation of conditions by the Industrial Commission did not evoke from American political science any great demand for government interference. Professor Merriam here, I suggest, is summarizing not a deeply felt experience but an academic exercise.

There is one other problem to which he might have devoted some attention, for it is one of the great difficulties an alien observer cannot but feel. From 1770 until the Civil War America produced a political literature which is, I am convinced, unsurpassed in quality in any similar period since the Reformation and in any country. Adams, Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson, Marshall, are only the peaks in a series of which even the lesser men are remarkable. Yet, roughly after Calhoun, the series abruptly closes. Men like Lieber, Hurd, Philemon Bliss, are, doubtless, interesting, but, at best, they are of third-rate quality. What is the explanation? Is it that after Appomattox had shown that disunion need no longer be feared, the amazing industrial development made political speculation otiose? Is the stagnation, like that of England between Locke and Burke, due to prosperity? Does it need great problems to produce great thinking? I do not know American conditions well enough to answer with any confidence. But I am convinced that Professor Merriam, with his ample learning, could provide a most interesting answer to it.

I said at the beginning of this review that Professor Merriam's later work is different both in method and spirit from his earlier. That, indeed, has been admirably shown in his study of American political organization. This book, to an outsider, is, with all its wealth of knowledge, typical of a danger implicit in much American scholarship. It tends to confound statement with explanation, chronological sequence with historical background; and it vigorously suppresses the writer's personality. That is, in all probability, the mark of an epoch in American political science which is drawing to a close. Professor Merriam himself, and men like Beard and Pound, are not afraid to make judgments, to draw emphatic conclusions, to indicate their view of what the summarized experience implies. They are at present a handful among the great mass. But the evidence is accumulating that they will increasingly set the temper of the new time.

H. J. LASKI.

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John Donne

John Donne: A Study in Discord. By Hugh l' Anson Fausset. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE eighteenth century, with its regard for symmetry and definition, preferred to keep biography and criticism separated; or, if they were combined, as by Johnson and Voltaire, they were viewed as two separate functions. The critic contemplated his author's works as objects of art; expounded, censured, praised them in relation, not to the author, but to a set of defined standards generally agreed upon by men of culture. Thus, biography limited itself to the narrative of a man's life, and criticism to a minute, sometimes word-by-word, examination and comparison of his writings. With Sainte-Beuve, criticism changed and became a method of investigating and classifying minds; the reader's attention was drawn away from the works themselves and concentrated upon the personality of the authors.

These methods still exist as they have been variously developed. The one school, we may say roughly, is interested in art; the other in artistic personalities. Each is liable to abuse in feeble hands. The one sinks into an abyss of pedantry, collects hosts of tedious facts, traces "movements" which possibly never existed, investigates "influences" which are of no importance; the other becomes a compilation of gossip and anecdotes, discovers arbitrary and fanciful relations between the author and his work, distracts our mind from the contemplation of art into remote speculations, and may even degenerate into moral uplift and a hunt for "messages." But each method has its virtues, each is useful when directed with skill and good sense, and each is particularly adapted to a different sort of author. There are cases when a man's personality is as interesting and important as his works; and this is especially true of personal poets. Their poetry is so interwoven with their lives that a critic is almost forced to adopt the "study of personality" method.

It is hard to imagine a writer more suitable for the latter method than Donne. At all events, in Mr. Fausset's hands the methods is justified by the result. Whatever faults his book may have (and what book is free from them?) are more than compensated by its achievements. Mr. Fausset writes with the eloquence of conviction; one might add, with the artifices of eloquence; he interests, excites, convinces his reader. He also provokes query and dissent; and this is all to the good, for one either has to accept what he says or to find solid reasons for disagreement. Mr. Fausset is a stimulating writer. His confident, lofty manner, his mastery of a complex subject, his close-packed thought which is evidence of long meditation, his flashes of intuitive insight, the well-ordered marshalling of his exposition, may all be counted as literary virtues. A still more considerable merit is that he compels his reader to reconsider Donne, to test a previous conception by this fresh and persuasive exposition. To reread Donne's poems with Mr. Fausset's book at hand is a valuable experience, and only by so doing can his interpretation be justly estimated. Moreover, such an examination illustrates the advantages and defects of the "personality" method of criticism.

The evolution of Donne's personality followed a not uncommon course; what is remarkable is the intensity with which he lived the phases of his career, the violence of his reactions to life, his profound, perplexed meditations on human destiny, and the expression of all this in writings which have puzzled many readers by their mixture of startling sincerity and extreme artifice. Excess, one might say, was the most obvious characteristic of Donne in his life and in his art; he was excessive in love and in piety, in his realism and in his mysticism.

As a youth Donne was an "Amorist," subtle but coarse and violent in his desires, "one that slept in the contriving of lust and waked to do it." As such young gentlemen are apt to do, he wasted his patrimony, revolted from his pleasures, and abused women as extravagantly as he had formerly pursued them. Again, as such a man frequently does, he fell deeply in love with an inexperienced girl and contracted a rash, runaway marriage, with disastrous consequences; he was imprisoned, and lost his post in Sir Thomas Egerton's services at the suit of his infuriated father-in-law. When he was released and able to join his wife, he embarrassed their poverty with a family numerous even in that age of reckless breeding, and lived disconsolately in the melancholy of his poor estate and religious perplexities. Necessity forced him to court the great in terms of lavish adulation (authorized, however, by the custom of the period), and for some years he was uncomfortably dependent upon noble patrons. After several refusals to take holy orders, he finally yielded to the King's positive command, and doubtless to his tardy religious convictions, and became a priest of the Church of England. He was soon made Dean of St. Paul's, and enjoyed a wide reputation as a preacher; his enjoyment of affluence was almost at once quenched in melancholy through the death of his sorely tried, but much-loved wife. He died in 1631, after fantastic and excessive broodings upon death and dramatic preparations for dissolution.

With ingenuity, imagination, and persuasiveness Mr. Fausset has recreated Donne's life, traced its evolution and described the conflicts of his mind as the violent sensualist became the violent mystic. In a fondness for rhetorical alliteration, or perhaps with a glance at the fancifulness of Donne, Mr. Fausset divides this life into four phases—the Pagan, the Penitent, the Pensioner, and the Preacher. So convenient a device at once awakens suspicion that the subject has been forced into arbitrary frames, that his mingling of biography, criticism, and psychology has resulted in a clever piece of fiction, a last development of the historical novel. And the suspicion is rather strengthened by the confidence with which Mr. Fausset generalizes for his own purposes such complex and vague things as the Renaissance, Mediævalism, Puritanism, Paganism; and by his delight in speech more orotund and picturesque than exact. Yet it would be unjust to leave an impression that his book is factitious and pretentious. Undoubtedly, there is a gifted and energetic mind at work in these pages, a mind which creates a sensation of fullness and readiness, which, if it sometimes irritates, more often delights. One result of such a book is that the attention is gradually diverted from it as an interpretation of Donne to its interest as a revelation of the author. While he is eloquently explaining the conflict in Donne's mind and the subleties of his wrestlings with God, we incline to feel that Mr. Fausset is stating not so much the convictions of Donne as his own convictions which he has compelled Donne to accept.

The chapters on Donne's last years narrate very graphically the strange reveries and morbid practices of the dying mystic. Indeed, throughout the book, the reader is illumi-

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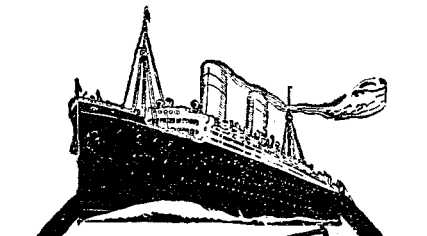

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nated by flashes of insight and presented with thoughts about Donne which force attention and meditation. It is a book which few contemporary critics could have achieved, and one which everybody who cares for English seventeenth century poetry will have to read. I do not know where a more stimulating book on Donne is to be found.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

The Friendship of God, by A. Maude Royden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

THE latest collection of Maude Royden's sermons, The Friendship of God, makes one appreciate the persuasiveness of high enthusiasm, the contagion of passionate faith. The writer is not out to prove anything. She is not teaching a philosophy, she is preaching a religion. Her philosophical theory is defined in a single sentence: "The discovery of truth is higher and greater than the discovery of facts," and her nearest approach to dialectic is a repetition of the old challenge—how account for personality without a personal Source? She assumes for the most part in her hearers an already accepted theism or at least the will to believe, and proceeds from that to an interpretation—or we might almost say, a restoration—of Christianity so pure and simple, so innocent of theology or dogma, so passionately an expression of faith in the love of God and dedication to the loving service of man as to make this seem the essence of all aspiration and devotion.

In an era of disillusionment, when the Everlasting No! is the only answer to most of our speculative queries, the utterances of such an inspired Yea-sayer as Miss Royden come with almost the force of a fresh revelation of the unquenchable spark of divinity in nature and man—and when the strength of the preacher's own ardent personality is added in her spoken message, one feels it must ignite the common spiritual need of her hearers, consume negation and sweep many into luminous faith. Certainly there is still room in our semi-civilization for a religion as simple and noble as this—which one guesses to be the original form in which Christianity was presented. If it should ever be generally practiced and be preached only by those inspired with Maude Royden's lambent faith, it would make one doubt the virtue of scepticism!

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

Contributors

ROBERT L. DUFFUS was an editorial writer on the New York Globe, and is now a contributor to various magazines. He spent thirteen years in California.

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